The Young and Field LITERARY READERS

Book Four

Willis Camp

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THE YOUNG AND FIELD LITERARY READERS

Book Four

BY

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GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON
ATLANTA · DALLAS · COLUMBUS · SAN FRANCISCO

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The Athenæum Press
GINN AND COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

TO THOSE WHO READ THIS BOOK

Here is a fourth-year reader which we think you will find interesting and not too hard. In the readers which you have finished you have learned how to read. Now we are going to give you a storybook. The stories will be easy for you, and we shall help you in several ways.

Before reading a story or poem we shall have a little talk about it. We shall find out who wrote it and learn some of the interesting things about the author. You always like to hear your father tell about what he did when he was a little boy, or your mother tell what happened when she was a little girl. We are going to tell you what some of these famous authors did when they were children about your age. You will be glad to get acquainted with them and will learn to love them. You will no longer think of them simply as names, but as real people who, when they were young, played and romped and studied and enjoyed a holiday just as much as you do. You will come to feel that they are friends who are always ready to tell you a story whenever you open the book.

At the end of each story we have asked you a number of questions about it. These questions will make you

think. They will show you some things in the story that you may not have seen when you read it first. Try to answer all the questions. When you have answered them, read the story over again and see if it does n't mean a great deal more to you.

After the questions, we have told you about a few other stories or poems by the same author, easy enough for you to read. If you read these you will come to know the author better. We have also told you where you can find stories and poems by other authors about the same things. If you are interested in stories of farm life, for instance, after reading Mr. Trowbridge's poem, "Evening on the Farm," you will find the names of several good farm stories which will be interesting to you. As you can now read very well, you will want to read some good story-books outside of school hours. The very best thing that you can do will be to draw from the library some of these books and read them "between times."

We have given you after each story or poem a little dictionary which has in it all the words that can give you any trouble. This will tell you how to pronounce the words and what they mean. Study this and be sure you know exactly how to use each word.

You will find here a number of poems to learn by heart. *Don't forget this.* Many of the poems which you learn now you will remember as long as you live. They

will always be yours, and you will enjoy them more and more as you grow older, because they are just as good for grown people as they are for children.

You will also find two plays, on pages 15 and 283, which you will like to learn and act.

We wish you many happy hours with this book and are glad to think that we have been able to introduce you to some of the great and noble writers whom you will always love.

A WORD TO THE TEACHER

One of the most disappointing conditions that present themselves in the administration of courses of study, in rural and city schools alike, is the decrease in interest in reading on the part of a considerable number of children in the fourth grade. One explanation is accepted quite generally — the advance in difficulty of the vocabulary of the reader for the fourth grade over that for the third grade is too rapid. Doubtless this is one factor in the problem, but not the only one. It is in the fourth grade that the remarkable increase in the number of retarded pupils becomes most noticeable, particularly among the boys.

To the various subjects on which attention is concentrated, and about which results are tabulated, there must be added the selection of reading material that interests nine-year-old children. Teachers will contribute valuable information by making a careful study of types of subjects that arouse interest not only in the brighter children but also in those who are beginning to lag behind their class. That a good teacher arouses children's interest in their work is conceded by everybody; but, on the other hand, much interest is sometimes a response to the teacher's manner rather than to the material itself.

Silent reading is used by many as a test of the power to read, though the test may fall short of its possibilities by the acceptance of a word-for-word repetition of that which has been read. Occasionally a verbatim report, sometimes a repetition of sentences or phrases that pleased the reader, frequently the gathering up of the gist of the story or description, oftener the opening

of the book and reading to teacher and classmates part or parts that were deemed especially good — these are some of the ways in which silent reading not only trains the children but gives us that for which we ever long, an insight into the inner life of the children.

Who among us is not familiar with the essentials of good oral reading? The condition that makes for good oral reading — the desire to convey thought to another mind — rarely exists in the schoolroom. The usual condition, reading to others who hold an open book to detect errors made by the reader, is somewhat distracting. Thought and its conveyance to reading-listeners is out of the question. The nine-year-old boy or girl just budding into the self-conscious stage is too practical to be deceived into thinking that the reading-listeners are listening to catch thought as it is presented by the reader. At about the fourth grade the beginnings of the problem of the conveyance of thought to listening minds are presented in all their complexity. I wonder if occasional reading aloud while sitting in the chair with the book resting on the desk would tend to reduce the consciousness of self and increase the clearness of enunciation in the effort to convey thought.

The material in Book Four has been selected with attention to its content and its literary dress. Children of different nationalities have read the stories, poems, and descriptions, and have shown a high degree of responsiveness to things of the mind which appeal to their emotions or intelligence, and to literary form in its simplicity and beauty.

Bohemian, Polish, German, Russian, and American children have read the various parts of this book from typewritten sheets, with pleasure, sometimes with joy; consequently it is with high expectations that Book Four is offered as a help toward solving the problem of maintaining interest in reading in all nine-year-old children.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The selections from Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Scudder, Trowbridge, Miss Cary, and Mrs. Thaxter are used by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company; "September" from Mrs. Jackson's Poems, by arrangement with Little, Brown, and Company; "A Forest Fire," from "True Bear Stories," by permission of Rand McNally & Company; "The Little Postboy," from Bayard Taylor's "Boys of Other Countries," through the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons; "The Sugar-Plum Tree," from Field's "With Trumpet and Drum"; "Kittykin," from Page's "Among the Camps," and "Old Pipes and the Dryad," from Stockton's "Fanciful Tales," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons; "Robert of Lincoln," from Bryant's Poems, and "The Wonderful Tar Baby," from Harris's "Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings," by permission of D. Appleton and Company; "The Fern Song," from Tabb's Poems, by permission of Small, Maynard & Company; "The Rain-Pool" and "The Shadow," from Tabb's "Later Lyrics," by permission of John Lane Company; "From the Apennines to the Andes" from Amicis' "Heart," by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company; the dramatized version of "The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges," from Marion F. Lansing's "Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act"; "The Singer and the Dolphin," from Charles D. Shaw's "Stories of the Ancient Greeks"; "The Settlement of Virginia," from D. H. Montgomery's "Beginner's American History"; and the selection from Miss Edith Kunz's translation of Johanna Spyri's "Moni the Goat Boy," through the courtesy of the authors. Mrs. Richards's "Buttercup Gold" is used by permission of L. C. Page and Company.

CONTENTS

PART I. LEGENDS AND FOLK STORIES

		PAGE
THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES — A Hindu Tale, dramatized by *Marion F. Lansing*		15
THE CROW AND THE FOX. A Fable	*Jean de la Fontaine*	23
THE FOX AND THE STORK. A Fable	*Æsop*	27
THE WONDERFUL TAR BABY. A Negro Tale	*Joel Chandler Harris*	28
THE SINGER AND THE DOLPHIN. A Greek Tale	*Charles D. Shaw*	37
THE YOUTH WHO DIED TO SAVE A CITY. A Roman Legend		42
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. An English Legend	*H. E. Scudder*	43

PART II. STORIES FROM HOME LIFE

SWEET AND LOW	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	49
GOOD NIGHT	*Victor Hugo*	52
BUTTERCUP GOLD	*Laura E. Richards*	53
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	63
EVENING AT THE FARM	*John Townsend Trowbridge*	71
TWO RIDDLES		78
THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE	*James Whitcomb Riley*	79

PART III. FAIRY AND WONDER STORIES

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD	*Frank Richard Stockton*	87
GOODNESS AND GLADNESS	*Alice Cary*	105
THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE	*Eugene Field*	106
THE LITTLE FAY	*Robert Buchanan*	108
THE POOL OF TEARS	*Lewis Carroll*	109
LINES FROM A "LOBSTER QUADRILLE"	*Lewis Carroll*	118
THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	119

PART IV. STORIES OF ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND NATURE

THE SHEPHERD PSALM	*The Bible*	122
THE SHEPHERD	*William Blake*	127

PAGE

PRAYING AND LOVING . . . . . *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* 127
THE SANDPIPER . . . . . *Celia Thaxter* 128
THE SWALLOWS . . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold* 133
A FOREST FIRE . . . . . *Joaquin Miller* 134
WHITE BUTTERFLIES . . . . . *Algernon Charles Swinburne* 145
ROBERT OF LINCOLN . . . . . *William Cullen Bryant* 146
THE BEE AND THE FLOWER . . . . . *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 154
FERN SONG; THE RAIN-POOL; THE SHADOW *John Banister Tabb* 155
KITTYKIN . . . . . *Thomas Nelson Page* 159
THE FOUNTAIN . . . . . *James Russell Lowell* 178

PART V. STORIES OF LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

MONI THE GOAT BOY . . . . . *Johanna Spyri* 186
FROM THE APENNINES TO THE ANDES . . . *Edmondo de Amicis* 196
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* 217
HIE AWAY . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* 220
THE LITTLE POSTBOY . . . . . *Bayard Taylor* 221
THE TRAVELER'S RETURN . . . . . *Robert Southey* 237

PART VI. STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA . . . . . *David H. Montgomery* 238
AMERICA . . . . . *Samuel Francis Smith* 250
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS . . . . . *Walter Taylor Field* 256
A STANZA FROM THE PILGRIM FATHERS . . . . *John Pierpont* 274
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . . . *Francis Scott Key* 275
SONS OF THE SELF-SAME RACE . . . . . *Alfred Austin* 282
THE CAMP AT VALLEY FORGE. A Play 283

PART VII. SONGS OF THE SEASONS

(Each to be read in its season)

SEPTEMBER . . . . . *Helen Hunt Jackson* 294
TWO THANKSGIVING SONGS (Psalms C and CXLVII) . . *The Bible* 298
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS . . . . . *Clement Clarke Moore* 302
THE FROST SPIRIT . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 310
IN MARCH . . . . . *William Wordsworth* 317
A FAREWELL . . . . . *Charles Kingsley* 320

LIST OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
Æsop	27
Amicis, Edmondo de	196
Arnold, Sir Edwin	133
Austin, Alfred	282
Bible	22, 122, 298
Blake, William	127
Buchanan, Robert	108
Bryant, William Cullen	146
Carroll, Lewis	109, 118
Cary, Alice	62, 105
Cary, Phœbe	62
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	127
Dwight, Timothy	249
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	119
Field, Eugene	106
Folk Tales	15, 23, 27, 28, 37, 42, 43
Harris, Joel Chandler	28
Holmes, Oliver Wendell	255
Hugo, Victor	52
Jackson, Helen Hunt	294
Key, Francis Scott	275
Kingsley, Charles	320
La Fontaine, Jean de	23
Longfellow, Henry W.	63, 121
Lowell, James Russell	178
Miller, Joaquin	134
Montgomery, David H.	238
Moore, Clement Clarke	302
Page, Thomas Nelson	159
Pierpont, John	274
Richards, Laura E.	53
Riley, James Whitcomb	79
Ruskin, John	70
Scott, Sir Walter	217, 220
Scudder, Horace Elisha	43
Smith, Samuel Francis	250
Southey, Robert	237
Spyri, Johanna	186
Stockton, Frank Richard	87
Swinburne, Algernon Charles	145
Tabb, John Banister	155
Taylor, Bayard	221
Tennyson, Alfred	49, 154
Thaxter, Celia	128
Trowbridge, John Townsend	71
Whittier, John Greenleaf	310
Wordsworth, William	317

HOW TO USE THE WORD LISTS

At the end of each lesson you will find a list of the harder words. Turn to the word list on page 22, for example. The first word is "dramatized." It is printed in heavy type. Then it is printed again in lighter type, with marks to show you how to pronounce it. Sometimes, when the marks will not tell, the word is spelled according to the sound, to make it easier. But this is not often done, for it is better to see the word spelled right, and the marks will generally tell you how it is pronounced, if you learn how to use them.

In Book Three you learned the use of three marks, the accent (´), the marks showing the short sound (˘), and the long sound (¯) of the vowels. This is the way they look:

ă as in făt	ĭ as in ĭce	ŭ as in ŭp
ā as in nāme	ŏ as in nŏt	ū as in ūse
ĕ as in bĕd	ō as in ōld	ў as in mўth
ē as in ēvening	o͝o as in fo͝od	ȳ as in flȳ
ĭ as in ĭt	o͝o as in fo͝ot	

Now you will learn the marks for other sounds:

a̓ as in a̓rm	i̓ as in machi̓ne	u̓ as in pu̓ll
a̓ as in a̓ll	o̓ as in so̓n	c̓ as in mic̓e
a̓ as in i̓n a̓sk	o̓ as in wo̓lf	g̓ as in i̓n cag̓e
a̓ as in what	o̓ as in mo̓ve	s̓ as in is̓
â as in câre	ô as in hôrse	th as in then
ē as in hēr	ô̂ as in sô̂ft	x̲ as in ex̲act
ê as in whêre	û as in fûr	n̲ as in in̲k
ĭ as in sĭr	u̓ as in ru̓le	

Letters that are not sounded are printed in a different kind of type, as pēo′ple, wĕath′ĕr.

THE YOUNG AND FIELD

LITERARY READERS

BOOK FOUR

PART I. LEGENDS AND FOLK STORIES

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

AN OLD HINDU TALE

Dramatized by Marion Florence Lansing

CHARACTERS

The Brahman	The Bullock
The Tiger	The Eagle
The Fig Tree	The Alligator
The Camel	The Jackal

(A Brahman, part of whose religion it is to be kind to animals, is walking along the road in India. He comes to an iron cage, in which a great tiger is shut up.)

Tiger. Brother Brahman, Brother Brahman, have pity on me and let me out of this cage for one minute, for I am dying of thirst.

Brahman. No, I will not, for doubtless the villagers caught you and shut you up because you had been eating men, and if I let you out of the cage you will eat me.

Tiger. O, father of mercy, in truth I will not. I will never be so ungrateful. Only let me out, that I may drink some water and return. I tell you I am dying of thirst.

(So the Brahman, who has a kind heart, lets the tiger out.)

TIGER (jumping out). Ha! ha! I am out. Now I will kill you first and eat you, and drink the water afterward.

BRAHMAN. Wait a bit. Do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say that it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die.

TIGER. Very well; it shall be as you say. We will first ask the opinion of six.

(The tiger and the Brahman walk along till they come to a fig tree.)

BRAHMAN. Fig Tree, Fig Tree, hear and give judgment.

FIG TREE. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. This tiger begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or not?

FIG TREE. Men often come to take shelter from the scorching rays of the sun in the cool shade under my boughs. But when they have rested, they cut and break my pretty branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race.

TIGER. Ha! ha! I will eat you now.

BRAHMAN. No, Tiger, not yet; you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six. Come a little farther.

TIGER. Very well.

(They go on their way, and after a little while they meet a camel.)

BRAHMAN. Sir Camel, Sir Camel, hear and give judgment.

CAMEL. On what shall I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. This tiger begged me to open his cage door, and promised not to eat me if I did so. Now that I have let him out, he is determined to eat me. Is that just, or not?

CAMEL. When I was young and strong and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food, but now that I am old and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me and beats me without mercy. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race.

TIGER. Do you hear that? Ha! ha! I will eat you this instant.

BRAHMAN. Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six.

(So they both go again on their way. At a little distance they find a bullock lying by the wayside.)

BRAHMAN. Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment.

BULLOCK. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. I found this tiger in a cage, and he prayed for me to open the door and let him out to drink a little

water and promised not to kill me if I did so, but when I let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair that he should do so, or not?

BULLOCK. When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now that I am old, he has forgotten all I did for him and left me here by the roadside to die. Let the tiger eat the man, for men have no pity.

(Just then an eagle flies over the place where the three are talking.)

BRAHMAN. O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment.

EAGLE. On what must I give judgment?

BRAHMAN. I let this tiger out of his cage and he promised not to eat me, but now that he is free, he wishes to. Is that just, or not?

EAGLE. Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth.

TIGER (roaring in a loud voice). The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman. I am going to eat you.

BRAHMAN. Stay yet a little longer, for two others must be asked first.

(After this they see an alligator.)

BRAHMAN. Here I shall get a different verdict. O Alligator, this tiger wants to eat me. I let him out of his cage

on the promise that he would not do so, yet now he says he will. Is that just or is it not?

ALLIGATOR. Whenever I put my nose out of water, men torment me and try to kill me. Let the tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest.

BRAHMAN. But one chance more. I fear I am lost.

TIGER. Yes, I am going to eat you at once. Let us get this sixth question over. Ask this jackal, who has been standing on the bank, listening.

BRAHMAN. Ah, Uncle Jackal, did you hear my story?

JACKAL. Every word.

BRAHMAN. Give then a judgment.

JACKAL. It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who is in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place.

(So the Brahman and the tiger return to the place where they first met, and the jackal with them.)

JACKAL. Now, Brahman, show me exactly where you stood. That will help my understanding of the case.

BRAHMAN (standing by the iron cage). Here.

JACKAL. Exactly there, was it?

BRAHMAN. Exactly here.

JACKAL. Where was the tiger then?

TIGER. In the cage.

JACKAL. How do you mean? I don't seem able to see just how it was.

TIGER. Why, I was in the cage. Don't you see?

JACKAL. Yes, but how do you mean? How were you in the cage, and which way were you looking?

TIGER (jumping into the cage). I stood so, and my head was on this side.

JACKAL. Very good, but I still seem unable to judge without seeing things just as they were. Surely the cage door was not open?

BRAHMAN. No, shut and bolted this way (shutting and bolting the door).

TIGER. There, now you see just how things were. Do you understand it now?

JACKAL. Perfectly, and if you will permit me to say so, you wicked and ungrateful tiger, I think matters will remain just as they were. Come, friend Brahman, let us proceed. Your road lies that way, I believe, and mine this.

(They go off in opposite directions.)

TIGER. And I did n't even remember to get my drink of water.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What do you think of this Brahman? 2. Would you have let the tiger out of the cage? Give reasons for your answer. 3. How many and what wrong things did the tiger do? 4. Why did the Brahman want the opinion of six judges? 5. How many decided against him and what reason did each give for

"I THINK MATTERS WILL REMAIN JUST AS THEY WERE"

his decision? 6. Were they fair in deciding as they did? Give reasons for your answer. 7. The jackal did something better than deciding. What did he do? 8. How do you think the tiger felt?

This little play is from Miss Lansing's "Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act." All the plays in "Quaint Old Stories" can be read in the fourth grade. If you are interested in the fables of India, you will find a number in Miss Ellen C. Babbitt's "Jataka Tales."

dramatized (drăm′ȧ tīzed): put into form for acting.
characters (ch*ă*r′ȧc tĕrz): persons in a play or story.
Brahman (Brä*h*′măn): a priest of India, or a person of priestly rank.
Hindu (Hĭn′dụ): belonging to the Hindus, the principal nation of India.
religion (re lĭj′ĭon): worship.
villagers (vĭl′la jẽrz): people who live in a village.
father of mercy: a respectful way of addressing a person in India.
opinion (o pĭn′ĭon): judgment.
just: right.
scorching (scôrch′ĭng): burning.
wantonly (wạn′tŏn lў): in a reckless way.
bullock (bụl′lŏck): a young bull or ox.
persecutors (pẽr′se cū torz): those who torment or annoy.
verdict (vẽr′dĭct): decision or judgment.
dispute (dĭs pūte′): quarrel.
Jataka (jä′tȧ kȧ): a very old book of stories from India.

(*For memorizing*)

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

PROVERBS iv, 18

THE CROW AND THE FOX

A FABLE

Jean de la Fontaine

[A fable is a story told to show what is right or wrong, wise or foolish. It is not true itself, but it teaches us some very true things. It shows how ugly and foolish all wrong-doing is and how much better it is always to do right.

Here is a very old fable — older than anybody knows. Æsop, who lived six hundred years before Christ, first wrote it out, but very likely it was told to him by some old man or woman who had heard it years before. So it is probably older than Æsop.

More than two thousand years after Æsop had lived and died, La Fontaine, a great French poet, wrote over again in verse some of Æsop's fables and some old fables from India and from Rome. La Fontaine was born near Paris in 1621, the year after the landing of the Pilgrims. He studied to become a priest, but felt that he would never make a very good one. Then he studied law, and after a time decided that he would not make a very good lawyer either. His friends called him lazy, and perhaps they were right. But he *did* love to write, and soon discovered that he could write poetry and write it well. From that time on he had no doubt as to what he should do.

He was a good-hearted and generous man, who was fond of animals and all living things, but he was not very business-like and never seemed to be able to take care of himself. It is said that when his fables were published the king sent for him to praise him and to give him a purse of gold. La Fontaine was to make a little speech and give a copy of his book to the king. Whether or not he remembered his speech I don't know, but he forgot the book, and when the time came for him to hand it to the king, it could not be found. The king laughed and gave him the purse of gold just the same, and La Fontaine lost the purse on the way home. Perhaps you will think he deserved to lose it, but it was found by an honest man and returned. When La Fontaine had spent all his money, his friends took care of him, and he lived first with one and then with another until the end of his life. Every one loved him and honored him, for he was one of the greatest of the poets of France. He wrote many other poems besides the fables. Most of these other poems have been forgotten, but French school-children to-day learn the fables by heart, and people of all countries read and enjoy them, for they have been translated into many languages.

This fable tells how a vain and silly crow was fooled by a fox and lost his dinner. The crow's voice, as you know, is not exactly musical, but the fox made this crow think that it was. You will see what happened.]

"HOW YOU SHINE! HOW GAY YOUR FEATHERS SHOW!"

THE CROW AND THE FOX

Master Crow once sat upon a tree,
  Holding in his beak a bit of cheese;
Master Fox looked upward wistfully,
  Speaking to the bird in words like these:
"Ah! good day, good Mr. Crow.
How you shine! How gay your feathers show!
Surely, if your voice is half as fair
As that lovely garment which you wear,
Faith! you are the marvel of this wood!"
At these words the crow felt wondrous good,
Tried to sing, and so — more proud than wise —
Opened wide his beak and dropped his prize.
Master Fox just gobbled it and said:
"Worthy sir, be calm and keep your head.
If you're greeted with a pleasant word
Do not think you are the *only* bird.
I have paid you now; for, if you please,
This one lesson is well worth your cheese."
Master Crow, ashamed and full of pain,
Vowed — a little late — he'd not be fooled again.

Translated by W. T. F.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is a fable? 2. Tell one of Æsop's fables. 3. What difference can you name between La Fontaine's fables and Æsop's? 4. Write or tell all you can about La Fontaine.

5. Tell the fable of the Crow and the Fox. 6. Why did the fox praise the crow? 7. Did you ever see a crow? If so, tell all you can about it. What sort of a voice has a crow? 8. A crow is said to be a very wise bird; what was the matter with this one? 9. What does this fable teach?

Jean de la Fontaine (Zhēan dẽ là Fôn tāine)
published (pŭb'lĭshed): printed as a book or paper.
translated (trăns lāt'ĕd): changed from one language into another.
marvel (mär'vĕl): wonder.
vowed (vowed): promised seriously.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A Fable by Æsop

The fox once invited the stork to dinner and, thinking to be smart, gave him only soup, served in a wide shallow dish. The fox could easily lap this up, but the stork could only wet the tip of his long bill in it. The stork said nothing, but asked the fox to dinner a few days later.

The stork's dinner was of mincemeat, served in a long-necked jar with a narrow mouth. The stork put his bill into it and ate, without cracking a smile; but the fox could only lick the edge of the jar.

The fox agreed that the joke was on him.

THE WONDERFUL TAR BABY

A NEGRO FOLK TALE

RETOLD BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

[Mr. Harris, who wrote this story, is the author of the "Uncle Remus" books. Do you know Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Little Mr. Thimblefinger? Well, if you do, you know Mr. Harris. Most of these stories were told to him by the negroes when he was a boy and sat listening in their cabins, by the firelight, after the day's work was done. But where the negroes got them, nobody knows. They must have learned them from their parents, I suppose, and their parents must have learned them from their grandparents, and perhaps their grandparents brought them over from Africa, but nobody ever thought of writing them down until Mr. Harris did it.

Mr. Harris was born in 1848 in the little town of Eatonton, not far from Atlanta, Georgia. He went to the public schools and spent a few terms at an academy, but was not able to go to college. He read much outside of school. It is said that the postmaster used to let him curl up on an old green lounge in his office and read the magazines until they were called for. He also had a few good books. One of them, called "The Vicar of Wakefield," he almost learned by heart. He was a happy

boy, red-haired and freckled, rather shy, and slow in his speech, but always full of fun and ready for a joke.

When he was twelve years old he went to work for a gentleman who owned a fine old plantation near Eatonton. This gentleman printed a paper, and the work which Joel Harris had to do was to keep the office in order and to set type. The printing office was out under the trees, so while he was setting type he could look out of the window and could often see the squirrels among the branches, and sometimes an old gray fox running through the orchard just beyond. He tells us that once a partridge built her nest and hatched her brood not fifteen feet away from the window. So he came to love the animals, and loved these strange tales about them which the negroes told him. Often at night, if he was not visiting the negroes in their cabins, he was out with them hunting possums or coons by the light of a flaring torch, with a pack of dogs at his heels. He was always greatly interested in the negroes and could talk just as they did.

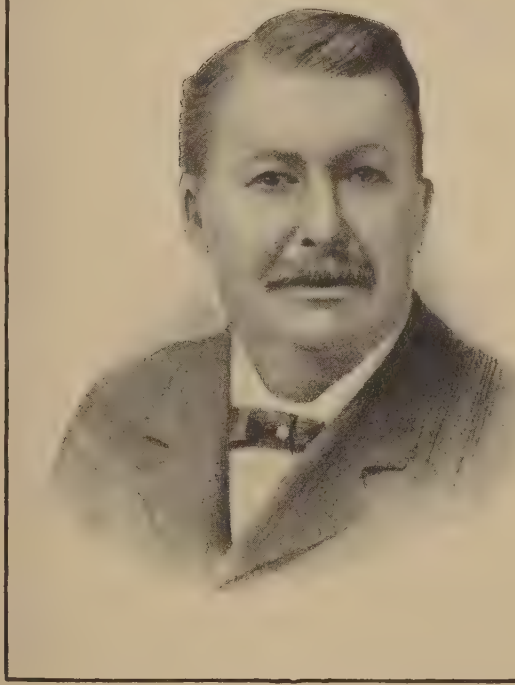
After he had grown to be a man he became one of the editors of a paper in Atlanta. He remained in this work for twenty-five years. During that time he wrote negro stories for his paper and pretended they were told by an old colored man called Uncle Remus, but they were really the stories that he had heard when a boy in the cabins down on the old plantation. These stories made him

famous. They were printed in books and read by thousands of people all over the world. The best known of them are "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country," "Mr. Rabbit at Home," "Free Joe," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," and "Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit."

Mr. Harris's home was in the country, near Atlanta, a beautiful old place, where he wrote and where his friends came to visit him; and many of these friends were children. Since his death, in 1907, the house and grounds have been opened to all who wish to come, and the children love to go there and play in the old garden and remember their friend who made them laugh so often and so heartily, and whom they always think of as Uncle Remus.

This story about the wonderful tar baby is one of the folk tales that Mr. Harris heard on the old plantation. It has been told by a great many people in a great many ways. Mr. Harris tells it in his book, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," just as the old negro told it to him, but it is given here in plain English, so that you can read it more easily.

For a long time Brer Fox had wanted to catch Brer Rabbit, but Brer Rabbit would n't be caught. At last, one fine day, Brer Fox had an idea. He got a chunk of tar



Joel Chandler Harris

and softened it with turpentine and made it into something that looked like a baby. Then he set this tar baby down by the side of the road and put a hat on its head and went away and hid in the bushes to see what would happen. He did n't have to wait long, for by and by Brer Rabbit came down the road — lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity, just as saucy as a jay-bird. Brer Fox lay low. Brer Rabbit came along until he saw the tar baby; then he suddenly stood up on his hind legs as if he was astonished. The tar baby just sat there and said nothing. Brer Fox lay low.

"Good morning," said Brer Rabbit to the tar baby. "Fine weather this morning."

The tar baby did n't say a word. Brer Fox lay low.

"How do you think you feel this morning?" said Brer Rabbit to the tar baby.

Brer Fox, in the bushes, just winked his eye slowly and lay low. The tar baby did n't say anything.

"What 's the matter with you? Are you deaf?" said Brer Rabbit. "Because if you are, I can talk louder."

The tar baby kept still. Brer Fox lay low.

"You are stuck up. That 's what you are!" said Brer Rabbit. "And I 'm going to cure you of being stuck up. That 's what I 'm going to do."

Brer Fox chuckled softly, away down in his stomach. The tar baby said nothing.

"I 'm going to teach you how to talk to respectable

folks," said Brer Rabbit. "Take off that hat and say 'good morning.'"

The tar baby kept still. Brer Fox lay low.

Brer Rabbit kept on talking to the tar baby, and the tar baby kept on saying nothing, until, at last, Brer Rabbit drew back and — blip! he hit the tar baby on the side of the head. And that's where he made a mistake, because his fist stuck fast to the tar baby. He could n't pull it away. The tar held him. But the tar baby kept still and Brer Fox lay low.

"If you don't let me go, I'll hit you again," said Brer Rabbit; and with that — biff! he hit him with the other hand. That stuck fast, too. The tar baby said nothing. Brer Fox lay low.

"Let go, or I'll kick you!" said Brer Rabbit. The tar baby said nothing, but kept holding on tight. So Brer Rabbit kicked him with his right foot. That stuck fast, too.

"If I kick you with my other foot," shouted Brer Rabbit, "you'll think the lightning struck you."

The tar baby said nothing.

Biff! he kicked the tar baby with his left foot; and his left foot stuck fast.

Then Brer Rabbit cried out that if the tar baby did n't let go, he would butt him in the stomach. So he butted him in the stomach; and his head stuck fast.

Just then Brer Fox sauntered out of the bushes, looking as innocent as you please.

"Good morning, Brer Rabbit," said he. "You look a little stuck up this morning." Then he lay down and rolled on the ground, and laughed and laughed until he could n't laugh any more. By and by he said:

"Well, I think I've got you this time, Brer Rabbit. Maybe not, but I think I have. You've been running around here and making fun of me for a long time, but I think you've got through now. You're always putting your nose into places where you have no business. Who asked you to come and get acquainted with that tar baby? And who got you so stuck up? You just jammed yourself up against that tar baby without waiting to be asked; and there you are, and there you'll stay until I gather up a brush pile and set fire to it; because I'm going to have you for dinner to-day."

Then Brer Rabbit was very humble. "I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox," he said, "only don't throw me into that brier patch. Roast me, if you must, Brer Fox, but don't throw me into that brier patch."

"It's so much trouble to kindle a fire, that I expect I'll have to hang you," said Brer Fox.

"Hang me as high as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but don't throw me into that brier patch."

"I have n't any string," said Brer Fox, "so I expect I 'll have to drown you."

"Drown me as deep as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but don't throw me into that brier patch."

Now Brer Fox thought if Brer Rabbit did n't want to be thrown into the brier patch, that was the very place where he should go. So he caught Brer Rabbit by the hind legs and threw him right into the middle of the brier patch. There was a great fluttering where Brer Rabbit struck the bushes, and Brer Fox waited to see what would happen.

By and by he heard somebody call, and away up the hill he saw Brer Rabbit, sitting cross-legged on a log, combing the tar out of his hair with a chip. Then Brer Fox knew he had been fooled.

Brer Rabbit shouted to him, "I was born and brought up in a brier patch, Brer Fox." And with that he skipped off, as lively as you please.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can about Mr. Harris; (*a*) in what state he was born; (*b*) what schooling he had; (*c*) what he read when he was a boy; (*d*) what he did after he left school; (*e*) how he learned the ways and the stories of the negroes, and where the negroes got these stories; (*f*) what he did when he became a man; (*g*) what sort of home he had; (*h*) what name he gave to the old colored man who was supposed to have told many of his stories. 2. Name as many of Mr. Harris's stories as you

remember; if you have read any of them, tell which you like best, and why; name the book in which Uncle Remus tells the story of the wonderful tar baby.

3. How did Brer Rabbit behave when he saw the tar baby? 4. Why did Brer Fox wink his eye and chuckle, in the bushes? 5. What did Brer Rabbit mean when he said the tar baby was "stuck up," and in what way was Brer Rabbit himself "stuck up" after this? 6. Tell whether you think Brer Rabbit deserved to get stuck, and why. 7. Why did Brer Rabbit ask Brer Fox not to throw him into the brier patch? 8. Did Brer Fox deserve to lose Brer Rabbit, and, if so, why?

Books of Mr. Harris's which you can easily read are "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country" and "Mr. Rabbit at Home." These do not have as much of the negro talk as his other books. If you can read and understand the negro talk, you will like the "Uncle Remus" books.

academy (ȧ căd′e mў): a school of about the same grade as a high school.

possums (pŏs′sŭmȝ): short for opossums, animals that live in the South. They can hang by their tails like a monkey, and, when caught, pretend to be dead.

coons (cōōnȝ): short for raccoons, grayish animals with bushy tails and black and white markings on the face. They prowl about at night.

plantation (plăn tā′shŏn): a large Southern farm and home.

editor (ĕd′ĭ tor): one who has charge of a newspaper or magazine.

Brer Rabbit (Brĕr Răb′bĭt): the negro way of saying Brother Rabbit.

turpentine (tûr′pĕn tīne): an oil made from pine trees.

lay low: kept still.

chuckled (chŭck′led): laughed to himself.

sauntered (săun′tĕred): walked slowly or lazily.

innocent (ĭn′no cĕnt): without blame.

Eatonton (Ēa′tŏn tŏn).

Vicar (Vĭc′ar).

THE SINGER AND THE DOLPHIN

AN OLD GREEK TALE

RETOLD BY CHARLES D. SHAW

At the court of the king of Corinth lived a famous musician, Arion. Everybody liked him, for he was pleasant and kind, and his music made glad all who heard it.

A musical contest was to be held in Sicily, and Arion wished to try for the prize. His friends did everything to persuade him to stay with them, but he would have his own way and sailed to Sicily.

He was best of all the singers and won the prize. He took a Corinthian ship for home. The sky was bright, the sea was calm; he was glad to think he should soon be among his friends.

The sailors looked angrily at him. They intended to have that prize which had made him rich. They gathered around him with knives in their hands. "You must die," they said. "Make your choice. If you want to be buried on shore, give up to us and die here. We will give you decent burial. Or throw yourself into the sea, if you would rather die that way."

Arion said, "Why should I die? You can have my gold; I will give you that. Why must you take my life?"

"Dead men tell no tales," they answered. "If we let you

live, you will tell the king of Corinth, and where could we hide from him? Your gold would be of no use to us, for we should always be afraid. Death quiets all. You must die."

"Grant me one favor, then," he pleaded. "If I must die, let it be as becomes a bard. So have I lived, so let me pass away. When my song is over and my harp is hushed, then I will give up my life and make no complaint."

These rough men had no pity, but they were willing to hear so great a singer. They said, "It shall be as you wish." He added: "Then let me change my clothes. Apollo will not hear me unless I wear my minstrel dress."

He put on a purple robe embroidered with gold. He poured perfume on his hair, set a golden wreath upon his head, and bracelets on his arms. His lyre he held in his left hand and struck its strings with his right hand.

The sailors were pleased to see him so richly dressed. He went to the forward part of the vessel and looked down into the sea. This was his song:

"O harp, our happy day is o'er.
On earth thy chords shall sound no more
No more shall charm the listening maids.
My harp, we go to seek the shades.

"I die, and yet I do not fear;
The watchful gods are ever near.
You, you who slay me, soon shall know
The bitter taste of guilty woe.

ARION TOOK THE HINT AND MOUNTED UPON THE DOLPHIN'

"But O ye sea-nymphs, bright and fair,
My harp and I now seek your care;
Upon your mercy I depend,
Receive me as a welcome friend."

Then he sprang overboard and sank beneath the waves. The sailors were glad to have so little trouble. He was gone; they had the prize. Who could know that he had not fallen into the water by accident? Still, they rowed hard to get away from the spot.

They did not see what was going on in the water. While Arion was singing, the fish and other creatures of the sea had gathered around the ship to hear his music. When he sank down among them, they came close to show their love and offer their help. One strong dolphin turned his broad back to the singer. Arion took the hint and mounted upon the dolphin. The proud fish rose to the surface of the water and carried the musician safely to land.

Arion journeyed on and soon reached Corinth. He went with his lyre to the palace and met his friend the king.

"I have come back famous but poor," he said. "I gained the glory and the prize, but thieves have robbed me of the gold."

When the king heard the strange history, he said: "Is power mine, and shall I not punish the guilty? Keep close until the ship comes in."

When the ship came into port he sent for the sailors and asked them: "Where is Arion? Have you heard anything of him? He is my friend, and I am anxious to have him come back to Corinth."

They said, "We left him well and happy at Tarentum."

Then Arion stepped forward, dressed just as he was when he threw himself overboard at their command. The sailors fell on their faces. "He is a god," they said. "We killed him, and he is alive."

The king said: "You meant to kill him, but Heaven took care of him. Go, miserable wretches. Arion forgives you, but go to some wild land where nothing beautiful can ever give you pleasure."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who was Arion? 2. Why was he so well liked? 3. Why didn't the sailors on the ship like him? 4. What did he ask them to let him do before they killed him? 5. Why did he put on his best clothes? 6. Why was he not afraid? 7. Who did he say would suffer the most, he or the sailors; and why? 8. Why did all the fish gather around Arion and how did he reach the land? 9. Did Arion care more for the gold that he won or for the glory of winning? 10. What did the king of Corinth do to the sailors and how did Arion show his noble nature?

This story is from Mr. Shaw's "Stories of the Ancient Greeks." You will find other Greek stories in the same book.

Corinth (Cŏr′ĭnth) : a Greek city.
Arion (Ā rī′ŏn).
musician (mū zĭ′shan) : one who is skilled in music.
Sicily (Sĭç′ĭ lў) : an island off the coast of Italy.
bard (bärd) : a singer or poet.
Apollo (Ā pŏl′lō) : a Greek god.
minstrel (mĭn′strĕl) : a wandering singer.
lyre (lȳre) : a musical instrument somewhat like a harp.
chords (*ch*ôrd*s*) : two or more musical tones sounded in harmony.
shades (shād*es*) : spirits of the dead.
sea-nymphs (sē*a*-nўmfs) : sea fairies.
dolphin (dŏl′fĭn) : a large fish.
Tarentum (Tȧ rĕn′tŭm) : an ancient city in Italy.
wretches (*w*rĕ*tch*′ĕ*s*) : wicked persons.

THE YOUTH WHO DIED TO SAVE A CITY

A ROMAN LEGEND

There is a legend that once in the market place at Rome the ground suddenly opened. The people were terribly frightened, because the priests told them that the hole would never close until they threw into it the most precious thing in Rome. They threw in their jewels, their gold, and their silver, but it did not close. They threw in their armor, their spears, and their shields. Still it did not close. At last Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, who was more greatly loved than any one else in Rome, said, "Rome's most precious gift is the brave heart of one of her sons. Here is one who will die for her." With that, he leaped in himself, on horseback and in armor, just as he was. The earth closed over him, and the city was at peace.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

AN OLD ENGLISH LEGEND

RETOLD BY HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

In the country of Libya there was a town called Silene, and near the town was a pond, and this pond was the roving place of a monster dragon. Many times had great armies been sent to slay him, but never had they been able to overcome him. Instead, he had driven them back to the walls of the city.

Whenever this dragon drew near the city walls, his breath was so full of poison that it caused the death of all who were within reach of it; and so, to save the city, it was the custom to throw, each day, two sheep to feed the dragon and satisfy his hunger. So it went on, until not a sheep was left, and not one could be found in the neighborhood.

Then the people took counsel, and they drew lots, and each day a man or a woman and one of their cattle were given to the dragon, so that he might not destroy the whole city. And their lot spared no one. Rich or poor, high or low, some one must each day be sacrificed to the dreadful dragon.

Now it came to pass one day that the princess herself was drawn by lot. The king was filled with horror. He offered in exchange his gold, his silver, and half his realm

if she might but be spared. All he could obtain was a respite of eight days in which to mourn the fate of the girl. At the end of that time the people came to the palace and said:

"Why do you spare your daughter and kill your subjects? Every day we are slain by the breath of the monster." So the king knew he must part with his daughter. He dressed her in her richest apparel and kissed her and said:

"Ah, my dearest daughter, what an end is this! I had thought to die and leave you happy. I hoped to have invited princes to your wedding and to have had music and dancing. I hoped to see your children, and now I must send you to the dragon."

The princess wept and clung to her father and begged him to bless her. So he did, weeping bitterly, and she left him and went, like those before her, to the lake where the dragon dwelt.

Now these people of Libya were heathen; but in Cappadocia, not far away, was a Christian named George, and this George was a young man of noble bearing. He heard in a vision that he was to go to Libya, and so he rode his horse toward the city. He was hard by the lake, when he saw the princess standing alone, weeping bitterly. He asked her why she wept, and she only said:

"Good youth, mount your horse again quickly and fly, lest you perish with me."

"HE RAISED HIS SPEAR AND FLUNG IT WITH ALL HIS FORCE"

But George said to her: "Do not fear. Tell me what you await and why the vast crowd yonder are watching you."

Again she begged him to fly. "You have a kind and noble heart, sir, I perceive," said she, "yet fly, and at once."

"Not so," said George; "I will first hear your tale."

Then she told him all.

"Be of good courage," said he. "It was for this I was sent. In the name of Jesus Christ I will defend you."

"I do not know that name, brave knight," said she. "Do not seek to die with me. It is enough that I should perish. You can neither save me nor yourself from this terrible dragon." At that moment the dragon rose with a great bellowing from the lake. "Fly! fly!" said the trembling princess. "Fly, sir knight!"

But George, nothing daunted, made the sign of the cross and went forward boldly to meet the dragon, commending himself to God. He raised his spear and flung it with all his force at the neck of the monster. So surely did the spear fly that it pierced the neck and pinned the dragon to the ground.

Then he bade the princess take her girdle and pass it round the spear and fear nothing. She did so, and the dragon rose and followed her like a docile hound. George led his horse and walked beside her, and thus they entered the city. The people began to flee when they saw the dread beast, but George stayed them.

'Fear not," said he. "This monster can no longer harm you. The Lord sent me to deliver you." So the multitude followed, and they came before the palace, where the king sat sorrowing. And when the king heard the mighty rejoicing, he came forth and saw his beloved daughter safe, with the dragon at her heels.

Then George took his sword and smote off the dragon's head, and all the people hailed him as their deliverer. But George bade them give glory to the Lord; and he remained and taught them the new faith, so that the king and the princess and all the people were baptized. And when George died he was called St. George, and it fell out finally that he became the patron saint of merry England.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is a dragon? 2. Why did the people of Silene make sacrifices to the dragon? 3. What is it to draw lots? 4. What is meant by the lot sparing no one? 5. What sort of girl do you think the princess was? 6. Was she brave? 7. Can one cry and still be brave? 8. Was she unselfish? 9. What do you think of St. George? 10. What two good things did he do? 11. Is this story true? 12. What do you suppose was really the dragon that St. George killed? Might it not be disease or wickedness that he overcame?

This story of St. George and the Dragon is a very old legend, that has been told in different ways for hundreds of years. Mr. Scudder tells it in these words in his "Book of Legends." In the same book are about twenty other interesting stories.

Mr. Scudder was born in Boston in 1838 and died in 1902. He was for a time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and wrote several books for grown people, but he is best known by his stories for children. Besides the "Book of Legends" he wrote "The Children's Book," "Book of Fables and Folk Stories," "Bodley Books," "Life of George Washington," and several others.

saint (sāint): one who is holy or remarkably good.

took counsel: thought or considered together.

sacrificed (săc′rĭ fīçed): offered or given up.

respite (rĕs′pĭte): a putting off or delaying of punishment.

subjects (sŭb′jĕcts): people who are ruled by a king or monarch.

apparel (ăp păr′ĕl): clothes.

Cappadocia (Căp pȧ dō′shĭ ȧ): a country in Asia Minor. St. George was an English knight who happened to be in Cappadocia.

bearing: looks and manners.

hard by: near by.

daunted (dạunt′ĕd): afraid.

the sign of the cross: a sign made with the hand, to ask God's help.

commending himself to God: asking God to be with him.

docile (dŏç′ĭle): gentle, obedient.

deliver (dē lĭv′ĕr): save.

multitude (mŭl′tĭ tūde): crowd.

fell out: happened.

patron saint (pā′trŏn sāint): a saint who is supposed to protect some particular country or person.

merry England: a very old name which means pleasant England.

Scudder (Scŭd′dĕr).

Libya (Lĭb′ў ȧ).

Silene (Sĭl ē′nē).

PART II. STORIES FROM HOME LIFE

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[Tennyson, who wrote this beautiful little poem, is one of the great poets of England. He wrote in England at the same time that Emerson and Longfellow and Lowell and Whittier were writing in America. You will find the story of his life in Book Five of the Literary Readers.

The poem "Sweet and Low" is a lullaby, a song sung by a mother to her baby while rocking him to sleep. The mother is a sailor's wife. She is sitting in the evening at an open window, or perhaps on the porch of their little cottage overlooking the sea, and the west wind is blowing softly and sweetly across the water as she rocks and sings to her little one. The moon is sinking so slowly that she calls it the dying moon, and as she looks she thinks of the baby's father who is out on the ocean far to the west, with the same moon shining on him. She thinks she can almost see the white sails of his ship in the moonlight, and she calls to the wind to blow him safely home to her and to his little one, who is asleep in her arms.]

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the author of this poem. 2. What is a lullaby? 3. Who is singing this lullaby, and at what time of the day is she singing it? 4. What two words tell how the wind is blowing? 5. What does the word "breathe" tell? 6. What is meant by the "rolling waters"? 7. What is the "dying moon"? 8. Who is meant by "him" in the seventh line? 9. What does the mother want the wind to do? 10. How do you think she feels toward the father as she sings those words?

11. Would the last line of the stanza please you as well if it simply said, "While my pretty little one sleeps"? If not, why? 12. Shut your eyes and see if you can see the picture in this stanza. Then describe it.

13. In the second stanza the mother sees a picture. What is it? 14. Why is the moon called the silver moon? What makes the sails look like silver? 15. What do you think of when you read the words "babe in the nest"? 16. Can you feel the music in these verses? If you were the little child in the mother's arms, would it make you want to go to sleep? 17. Tennyson wrote another song of a mother to her child, "What does little birdie say?" Do you remember it? Do you remember the German lullaby, "Sleep, baby, sleep; Thy father is watching his sheep"? If you do, which of the three lullabies do you like best? 18. *Memorize the poem.*

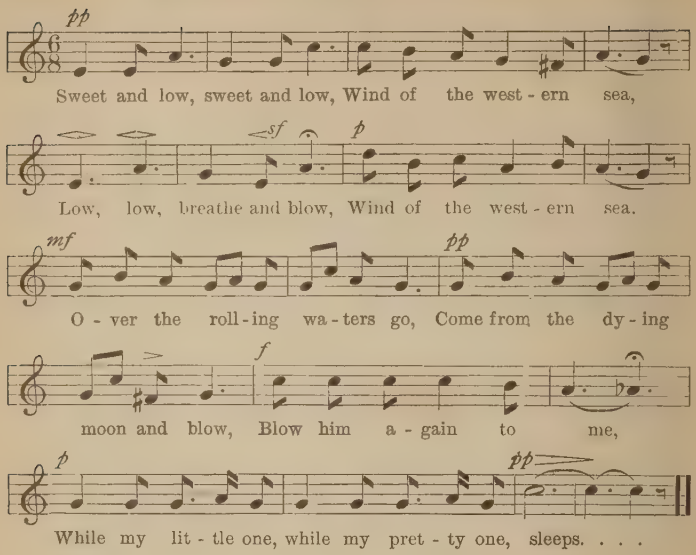
Other good lullabies which you can read are Scott's "Lullaby of an Infant Chief" (p. 217 of this book); Eugene Field's "The Sugar-Plum Tree" (p. 106 of this book), also his "Rockaby Lady," "So, So, Rockaby So," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," in Book Three of the Literary Readers; T. B. Aldrich's cradle song, "Ere the Moon Begins to Rise"; J. G. Holland's "Rockaby Lullaby"; and Kipling's "Seal Lullaby."

Other poems of Tennyson which you can read are "The Owl," "The Throstle," "The Mermaid," "The Snowdrop," and "The Bee and the Flower." The last named is on page 154 of this book.

The poem "Sweet and Low" was set to music by Sir Joseph Barnby, a famous English musician, who knew Tennyson and loved him well. The music seems to fit the words so beautifully that you ought to know it. It is on the next page.

lullaby (lŭl′a bȳ): a song sung to babies to put them to sleep.

stanza (stăn′zá): a group of lines of poetry, sometimes called a verse.


pp
Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,
sf
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea.
mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
f
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
p
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps. . . .

(*For memorizing*)

GOOD NIGHT

VICTOR HUGO

Good night, good night;
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright,
Good night, good night.

BUTTERCUP GOLD[1]

LAURA E. RICHARDS

[Every child who knows the stories of Mrs. Laura E. Richards will think of her as a friend. They are so full of fun and brightness that it seems as if she were still a child herself and had never grown up. There are the "Queen Hildegarde" stories, the "Five Minute Stories," "The Joyous Story of Toto," "Captain January," "Melody," and that beautiful book of fables, "The Golden Windows." Then, perhaps most interesting of all, because it is all true, is the story of her home life when she was a small girl and used to romp with her brother and sisters in the old garden among the pear trees, or play house on the rocks at their summer home, or sit by the fireside listening to stories of knights and princesses. This book is called "When I was Your Age," and I am going to tell you some of the things that are in it.

Her father was Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a man who spent his life in doing good to other people, and who taught the blind to read, making books with raised letters which they could feel with their fingers. Her mother was Julia Ward Howe, a noble woman, who wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and many other poems, but who was always ready to give up her books when her children needed

[1] From "Five Minute Stories," copyrighted by Dana Estes and Company.

her. There were five children in the family — Julia, Florence (whom they called Flossy), Harry, Laura, and Maud. Laura was born in Boston in 1850. She and her sisters had a great many dolls. There was Vashti Ann, who was named for the cook, and who had a very haughty and disagreeable temper, and there was Eliza Viddipock, who was so wicked that at last she had to be hanged. There was Sally, a rubber doll, and there was Clara, a doll with a china head and calm blue eyes. And there was a wonderful great doll which had eyes that would open and shut; but Laura's younger sister Maud became greatly interested in the blind children at the hospital and wanted this doll to be blind like them, so she punched its eyes out. More precious than any of their dolls was Pistachio, an old footstool covered with green cloth and having only three legs. Pistachio was considered an invalid, and every morning he was put into the baby carriage and taken in solemn procession down to the brook for his morning bath. One of the children would hold a parasol over him to keep off the sun, while two would push the carriage and the other two would march beside or in front of it. When they reached the brook, Pistachio was carefully taken out and placed on a flat stone; his legs were dipped one by one into the clear water and dried with a towel. After the bath he was rubbed and walked gently up and down for a few minutes; then he was put back into his carriage and taken home.

This will give you an idea of the fun that these five children had. They used to write stories and plays and poems, and as they grew up they all became authors. Florence became Mrs. Hall and wrote books about good manners, and also a book called "Flossy's Play Days." Maud became Mrs. Elliott and wrote books of travel. Harry is a college professor and has written several books about metals. Laura married Mr. Richards and went to live in a beautiful home in Gardiner, Maine, where she is still writing.

This story of "Buttercup Gold" is taken from her "Five-Minute Stories." It shows how a little girl who wanted to make her mother happy tried to get gold out of buttercups, and how a kind-hearted old gentleman helped her to do it.]

Oh! the cupperty-buts! and oh! the cupperty-buts! out in the meadow, shining under the trees and sparkling over the lawn, millions and millions of them, each one a bit of purest gold from Mother Nature's mint. Jessy stood at the window looking out at them and thinking, as she often had thought before, that there were no flowers so beautiful.

Cupperty-buts," she had been used to call them when she was a wee baby girl and could not speak without tumbling over her words and mixing them up in the queerest fashion; and now that she was a very great girl, actually six years

old, they were still cupperty-buts to her, and would never be anything else, she said. There was nothing she liked better than to watch the lovely golden things and nod to them as they nodded to her; but this morning her little face looked anxious and troubled, and she gazed at the flowers with an intent and inquiring look, as if she had expected them to reply to her unspoken thoughts. What these thoughts were I am going to tell you.

Half an hour before, she had called to her mother, who was just going out, and begged her to come and look at the cupperty-buts.

"They are brighter than ever, Mamma! Do just come and look at them! golden, golden, golden! There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn, I should think."

And her mother, pausing to look out, said very sadly, "Ah, my darling, if I only had this day a little of that gold, what a happy woman I should be!"

And then the good mother went out, and there little Jessy stood, gazing at the flowers and repeating the words to herself over and over again, "If I only had a little of that gold!"

She knew that her mother was very, very poor and had to go out to work every day to earn food and clothes for herself and her little daughter; and the child's tender heart ached to think of the sadness in the dear mother's look

and tone. Suddenly Jessy started and the sunshine flashed into her face.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "why should n't I get some of the gold from the cupperty-buts? I believe I could get some perfectly well. When Mamma wants to get the juice out of anything—meat or fruit or anything of that sort—she just boils it. And so, if I should boil the cupperty-buts, would n't all the gold come out? Of course it would! Oh, joy! how pleased Mamma will be!"

Jessy's actions always followed her thoughts with great rapidity. In five minutes she was out on the lawn with a huge basket beside her, pulling away at the buttercups with might and main. Oh! how small they were! and how long it took even to cover the bottom of the basket! But Jessy worked with a will, and at the end of an hour she had picked enough to make at least a thousand dollars, as she calculated. That would do for one day, she thought; and now for the grand experiment! Before going out she had with much labor filled the great kettle with water, so now the water was boiling, and she had only to put the buttercups in and put the cover on. When this was done she sat as patiently as she could, trying to pay attention to her knitting and not to look at the clock oftener than every two minutes.

"They must boil for an hour," she said, "and by that time all the gold will have come out."

Well, the hour did pass, somehow or other, though it was a very long one, and at eleven o'clock Jessy, with a mighty effort, lifted the kettle from the stove and carried it to the open door, that the fresh air might cool the boiling water. At first, when she lifted the cover, such a cloud of steam came out that she could see nothing; but in a moment the wind blew the steam aside and then she saw — oh, poor little Jessy! — she saw a mass of weeds floating about in a quantity of dirty, greenish water, and that was all. Not the smallest trace of gold, even in the buttercups themselves, was to be seen. Poor little Jessy! she tried hard not to cry, but it was a bitter disappointment; the tears came rolling down her cheeks faster and faster, till at length she sat down by the kettle, and, burying her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Presently, through her sobs, she heard a kind voice saying: "What is the matter, little one? Why do you cry so bitterly?" She looked up and saw an old gentleman with white hair and a bright, cheery face standing by her.

At first Jessy could say nothing but "Oh! the cupperty-buts! Oh! the cupperty-buts!" but of course the old gentleman did n't know what she meant by that, so, as he urged her to tell him about her trouble, she dried her eyes and told him the melancholy little story — how her mother was very poor and said she wished she had some gold,

and how she herself had tried to get the gold out of the buttercups by boiling them. "I was so sure I could get it out," she said, "and I thought Mamma would be so pleased! And now —"

Here she was very near breaking down again, but the gentleman patted her head and said cheerfully: "Wait a bit, little woman. Don't give up the ship yet. You know that gold is heavy, very heavy indeed, and if there were any it would be at the very bottom of the kettle, all covered with the weeds, so that you could not see it. I should not be at all surprised if you found some, after all. Run into the house and bring me a spoon with a long handle and we will fish in the kettle and see what we can find."

Jessy's face brightened and she ran into the house. If any one had been standing near just at that moment I think it is possible that he might have seen the old gentleman's hand go into his pocket and out again very quickly and might have heard a little splash in the kettle; but nobody was near, so of course I cannot say anything about it. At any rate, when Jessy came out with the spoon he was standing with both hands in his pockets, looking in the opposite direction. He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time. At last there was a little clinking noise, and the old gentleman lifted the spoon. Oh, wonder and delight! In it lay three great, broad, shining pieces of gold! Jessy could hardly believe her eyes. She

stared and stared, and when the old gentleman put the gold into her hand she still stood as if in a happy dream, gazing at it. Suddenly she started and remembered that she had not thanked her kindly helper. She looked up and began, "Thank you, sir"; but the old gentleman was gone.

Well, the next question was, how could Jessy possibly wait till twelve o'clock for her mother to come home? Knitting was out of the question. She could do nothing but dance and look out of the window, and look out of the window and dance, holding the precious coins tight in her hand. At last a well-known footstep was heard outside the door and Mrs. Gray came in, looking very tired and worn. She smiled, however, when she saw Jessy, and said, "Well, my darling, I am glad to see you looking so bright. How has the morning gone with my little housekeeper?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Jessy, hopping about on one foot, "it has gone very well! oh, very, *very, very* well! Oh, my mother dear, what do you think I have got in my hand? *What* do you think? oh, what *do* you think?" and she went dancing round and round till poor Mrs. Gray was quite dizzy with watching her. At last she stopped and holding out her hand opened it and showed her mother what was in it. Mrs. Gray was really frightened.

"Jessy, my child!" she cried, "where did you get all that money?"

"Out of the cupperty-buts, Mamma!" said Jessy, "out of the cupperty-buts! and it 's all for you, every bit of it! Dear Mamma, now you will be happy, will you not?"

"Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, "have you lost your senses or are you playing some trick on me? Tell me all about this at once, dear child, and don't talk nonsense."

"But it is n't nonsense, Mamma," cried Jessy, "and it did come out of the cupperty-buts!"

And then she told her mother the whole story. The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

"Jessy dear," she said, "when we say our prayers at night let us never forget to pray for that good gentleman. May Heaven bless him and reward him! for if it had not been for him, Jessy dear, I fear you would never have found the 'Buttercup Gold.'"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who wrote this story? 2. Who was Mrs. Richards's father and what did he do? 3. Who was her mother and what did she do? 4. Tell about the other children in the family. 5. Tell about the dolls. 6. Tell about Pistachio. Why do you suppose he was considered an invalid and what did they do to him?

7. What did Jessy mean by "cupperty-buts"? 8. Why did she think they were gold? 9. What is meant by "Mother Nature's mint"? 10. Why did Jessy look anxious and troubled as she gazed at the flowers? 11. What were the unspoken

thoughts that were in her mind? 12. Why did Jessy's mother look sad as she went out? 13. How did Jessy plan to get gold out of the buttercups? 14. What did she see when she opened the kettle? 15. What did she hear while she was crying? 16. Tell in your own words about the old gentleman and what he did. What do you think of him?

Other easy stories by Mrs. Richards are in "Five-Minute Stories," "More Five-Minute Stories," and "Golden Windows."

haughty (hą*ugh*′tў): proud.
Viddipock (Vĭd′dĭ pŏck).
Pistachio (Pĭs tā′shĭ ō).
footstool (fo͝ot′sto͞ol): a low stool for the feet.
invalid (ĭn′vą lĭd): a person who is not in good health.
mint (mĭnt): a place where gold and other metals are made into money.
actually (ăc′tū ăl lў): really.
intent (ĭn tĕnt′): earnest.
rapidity (rą pĭd′ĭ tў): quickness.
calculated (căl′cū lāt ĕd): figured out or thought out.
experiment (ĕx pĕr′ĭ mĕnt): a test or trial.
melancholy (mĕl′ăn chŏl ў): sad.
"Don't give up the ship": the last words of Captain Lawrence on the deck of his ship, the *Chesapeake*, during the War of 1812. It means here simply "don't give up."
gratitude (grăt′ĭ tūde): thankfulness.

(*For memorizing*)

There 's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY

Kind words are like the dewdrops,
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.

PHŒBE CARY

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Nearly every American child knows about Mr. Longfellow and remembers just how his picture looks and can name some of the poems that he wrote. He is called the children's poet, not because he wrote only for children but because he loved children and because he had the heart of a child.

He was born in Portland, on the coast of Maine, in 1807. When a boy he used to love to watch the sea dashing upon the rocks and the clouds floating in the sky. He liked also to walk along the wharves and look at the strange ships and the sun-browned sailors and wonder from what land they came and what sort of trees and houses and people were there and how they all looked.[1]

At first he went to a school kept by an old lady called Ma'am Fellows. She never allowed the children to smile during school hours, and was so strict that little Longfellow was glad when he grew big enough to go to a school for older pupils. The last school which he attended in Portland was called Portland Academy. One of his teachers there was Jacob Abbott, the man who wrote the "Rollo Books,"

[1] In "My Lost Youth."

for children. Maybe you have heard of these books. They were very famous in their day.

While Longfellow was in the academy he wrote his first poem. It was called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond." He wanted to have it published in one of the two Portland newspapers, but he was afraid to take it to either of the editors. At last he went one night to one of the newspaper offices and dropped it through a hole in the door. The next morning, and every morning for many weeks, he looked anxiously for it in the paper, but it did not appear. By that time he had grown much braver, so he went to the editor and asked him to give back the poem. Then he took it to the editor of the other paper and there it was published. After that he wrote poetry whenever he could, and it was always published.

When only fourteen years old he went to Bowdoin College, and was in the same class with Hawthorne and with several other young men who afterward became famous. He was a fine scholar and stood near the head of his class.

After finishing his college course he traveled in Europe, studying the languages and hearing a great many interesting old tales which he afterward told again in his poems. Then he taught in college for nearly twenty years — first at Bowdoin and afterward at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts. At Cambridge he lived in a

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

beautiful old house which had once been used by Washington during the Revolutionary War. Perhaps you have seen pictures of it. This old home was made merry by Mr. Longfellow's five children. In "The Children's Hour" he tells how his three little girls used to come into his library to see him every night after his work was done, and how they would climb into his chair and kiss him and romp with him.

On the way to his classes he passed each day an old blacksmith shop with a great chestnut tree beside it. Here he liked to stop and watch the blacksmith beating the red-hot iron on his anvil before the forge. Children too would often stop on their way to school and look in with him at the open door. Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem to tell what he thought about the blacksmith. And years afterward, when the street was widened and the old chestnut tree had to be cut down, the school children of Cambridge brought their small savings and had a chair made out of the wood of the old tree and gave it to Mr. Longfellow for a birthday present on his seventy-second birthday. He wrote for them the poem "From my Arm-Chair," and after that he let the children who came to visit him sit in the chair and gave to each a printed copy of "The Village Blacksmith."

Long before this he had given up his work as a teacher and was spending all his time in writing poetry. Perhaps

you know parts of his longer poems, "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; or you may know some of his shorter poems, "The Children's Hour," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and very likely this poem, "The Village Blacksmith." As Mr. Longfellow grew older he became very famous, so that people from all over the world came to see him and to shake hands with him. Many children came, and of all his visitors he loved the children best. No other American poet has been so honored as Longfellow was; and he was not only honored but was also loved. When he died in 1882 it seemed as if every one had lost a friend.]

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who wrote "The Village Blacksmith"? 2. Why is he called "the children's poet"? 3. When and where was he born? 4. What did he especially love to do when he was a boy? 5. Tell what you can of the first school that he attended. 6. Tell how he got his first poem into the newspaper. 7. When did he go to college? 8. What other well-known American author was in the same class with him at college? 9. Where did Longfellow teach? 10. Tell something about his home in Cambridge. 11. Tell how he came to write "The Village Blacksmith." 12. What happened to the old chestnut tree? 13. Name as many of Mr. Longfellow's poems as you know and tell which you like best. 14. Write a short story of Mr. Longfellow's life.

15. This poem gives us two pictures of the blacksmith; describe them in your own words. 16. What is meant by looking the whole world in the face? 17. What does the sound of the anvil make Mr. Longfellow think of? 18. What is a threshing floor? 19. In old times threshing was done by beating the grain with a stick and letting the wind blow away the chaff. Can you see how the sparks from the anvil might seem like this chaff? 20. What can you tell about the blacksmith's wife? 21. Explain "has earned a night's repose." 22. See how many fine things you can find about the blacksmith in this poem. 23. *Memorize the poem.*

The lesson that the blacksmith taught Mr. Longfellow is that we must work if we want to be happy. Another lesson might be that it is better to be honest than to be rich. Can you find others?

Other poems of Longfellow that you can easily read are "The Children's Hour," "The Arrow and the Song," "From my Arm-Chair," also Whittier's "The Poet and the Children."

Bowdoin (Bō′d'n): a college in Maine.
smithy (smĭth′ў): a blacksmith shop.
sinewy (sĭn′ew ў): strong; having tough sinews.
brawny (braẇ′nў): having large, strong muscles.
sledge: a heavy hammer.
sexton (sĕx′tŏn): one who takes care of a church and rings the bell.
forge: a blacksmith's furnace.
chaff: the shell of any small grain.
Paradise (Păr′ă dīse): heaven.
repose (re pōse′): rest.
wrought (*rôught*): made.

(*For memorizing*)

Pleasure comes through toil. When one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

JOHN RUSKIN

EVENING AT THE FARM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

[The Genesee valley, in western New York, was called "the West" in 1827, when J. T. Trowbridge was born. It was a country of great forests, with here and there a rolling meadow or a farmhouse surrounded with orchards and fields of grain. Fifteen years before that time Mr. Trowbridge's father and mother had come out into that new country on a sled, behind an ox team. They had cleared a little space in the midst of the forest and had built a log hut. A few years later they built a larger log house, with a big stone chimney at one end. There was but a single room. It was parlor and kitchen and bedroom all in one, but over it was a loft, which could be reached by climbing a ladder, and there the older children slept.

Mr. Trowbridge was born in this house, the eighth of a family of nine children. The farm was so profitable that the Trowbridges were soon able to build a two-story house covered with boards. In this new house the children grew up. Behind the house was the well, and behind the well were the big barn and the orchard of apple and peach trees, and behind them were rolling pasture land, where John drove the cows, and fields where he hoed corn. Then there was the wood lot, a piece of old forest which had been spared

when the clearing was made. And beyond the wood lot was the canal, — the Erie Canal, — which had been finished two years before young Trowbridge was born. Here on summer evenings he went swimming, and in winter, when the chores were done, he skated on the frozen "slack water." On autumn afternoons he sold nuts and apples to the passengers on the canal boats, dropping, with a basket on his arm, from a bridge to the decks of the boats, as they passed under him. In the Trowbridges' flower garden was a rare plant bearing a bright-red fruit which they called the "love apple." It was supposed to be poisonous and was only kept to look at. But after a time people began to taste it and did not die; so it was put into the vegetable garden and used for food. We call it the tomato.

Young Trowbridge went to a district school where the children were punished more than they were taught, but he loved his books, and besides doing what was required of him he learned to read French and Latin, studying them by himself during his evenings at home. At thirteen he began to write verses, and at sixteen he wrote a school composition in rime, which seemed to his teacher so good that it was sent to a Rochester newspaper and published. He spent one year at a private school in Lockport, New York, and then went "away out West" to Illinois, where he taught school and "farmed" with a brother-in-law, for another year. Then he returned to

Lockport, taught school there for a short time, and at nineteen started for New York City, determined to earn a living by writing.

It was uphill work. He rented a room in an attic and took his meals where he could get them. When his money was almost gone he lived on two meals a day, and finally on one meal. The money which he got for his stories was not enough to support him, even in this way, so he learned to engrave figures on gold pencil cases and earned something at that work. After a little more than a year in New York he went to Boston and there met with better success. He wrote stories for boys — "Cudjo's Cave," the "Jack Hazard" books, "The Start in Life," the Tide Mill Series, and many others. He also wrote many poems.

"Evening at the Farm" is a picture in the life of a farm boy. Perhaps when Mr. Trowbridge wrote it he was thinking of the evenings on the old farm in Genesee county, when he used to go over the hill to the pasture to drive home the cows, and used to hear the katydid in the poplar tree and see the mink darting into the stone heap and the swallows and the crows wheeling through the air, as he called to the cows, "Co', boss! co', boss!"]

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;

In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling, —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill.
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow,
The straw 's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where was Mr. Trowbridge born? 2. What had his father and mother done to make a home before that time? 3. Tell something about how the farm looked when Mr. Trowbridge was a boy. 4. What canal ran near the house? 5. What are some of the things that the boy did on the farm? (Questions 1–5 may be written out in the form of a short story. Other groups of questions may be treated in the same way.) 6. Tell about his earliest verses. 7. What did he do for a few years after leaving school? 8. What did he finally decide to do for a living? 9. Where did he go to start this work? 10. What success did he have there? 11. Where did he go after that? 12. Name a few of the books that he has written.

13. Have you ever noticed your shadow toward evening, when the sun is going down? If you have, explain the second and third lines. 14. What is a katydid? How does it sing, and at what time of the day does it begin to sing? 15. Tell what a mink is. Why did it dart into the stone heap? 16. Tell what

you know about crows. Why did the crows fly home? (As the boy goes farther over the hill his voice seems fainter. Make this so in your reading.) 17. Describe in your own words the picture in the first stanza, writing it out.

18. While the farm-boy is going after the cows, what does the farmer do? 19. How does he feel, and why? 20. Where have the farm tools been put? 21. What about the straw and the hay? What does all this tell us about the kind of man that the farmer was? 22. What do the animals do when the farmer comes into the yard? How does each greet him? What does that tell us about the farmer? 23. Describe the picture in the second stanza.

24. What is a milkmaid? 25. Why do the cattle go first to the trough? 26. What is a "yearling"? 27. What is a "new milch heifer"? 28. Why does the milkmaid call "soothingly"? 29. Describe the picture in the third stanza.

30. What does the farmer do after the milking is done? 31. Describe the picture in lines 20–24, page 75. 32. Tell about the cricket, and why its song is called a "ceaseless" song. 33. What does the line "The housewife's hand has turned the lock" tell you about the time of day? 34. Think of that line, "Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock." Does the sound of the words in it make you think of anything? 35. What is the "household"? 36. Say "sinks to deep repose" in easier words. 37. What is meant by the farm-boy "singing, calling," in his sleep, and why, in the last line, does the milkmaid murmur "so, boss"? 38. Describe the picture in lines 1–9, page 76.

Other good poems by Mr. Trowbridge are "Midwinter" and "The Vagabonds."

If you are interested in farm life you will enjoy reading Hopkins's "The Sandman," Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairie," and Eggleston's "Hoosier School Boy." Good stories about cows

may be found in Eddy's "Friends and Helpers" and Poulsson's "In the Child's World." Aanrud's "Lisbeth Longfrock" is a story of farm life in Norway.

Erie (Ē′rĭe). **Cudjo** (Cŭd′jō).
Genesee (Ġĕn e sēe′).
co', boss: means "come, boss" — a call for the cows.
whinnying (whĭn′nĭ ĭng): the call made by a horse; neighing.
lowing (lōw′ĭng): the call made by a cow; mooing.
trough (trôf): a log hollowed out or a long narrow box for water.
yearlings (yēar′lĭngs): animals between one and two years old.
new milch heifer (hĕif′ẽr): a young cow that has just begun to give milk.
tranquil (trăn′quĭl): quiet, mild.
so, boss: a soothing call to a cow when she is wild or frightened. Perhaps it means "softly, boss."
housewife (house′wīfe): the wife or mother of the house. "Wife" is old English for woman.
household (house′hōld): the family, or all who live in a house.

TWO RIDDLES

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold. [An egg.]

As I went through a garden gap,
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-Cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you 'll tell me this riddle, I 'll give you a groat.
[A cherry.]

stronghold (strong′hōld): a fort, or a secure place.
groat (grōat): an old English coin worth about eight cents.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

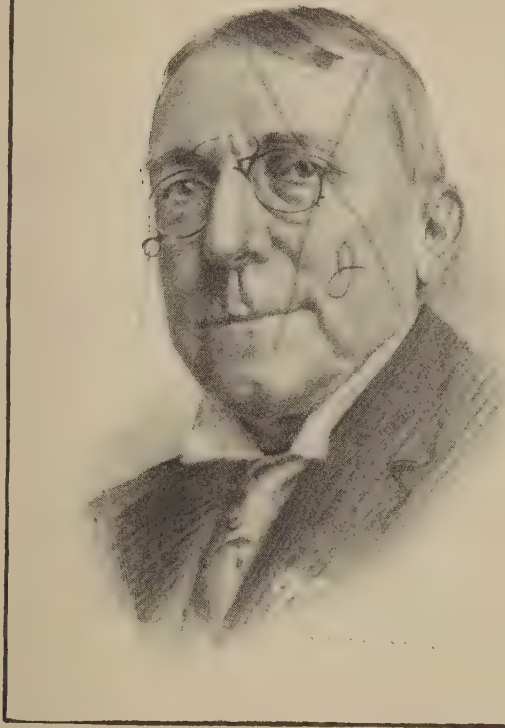
[In the town of Greenfield, Indiana, about twenty miles from Indianapolis, stands an old-fashioned white house with green blinds. There is a porch across the front of it and trees and shrubbery on all sides. It seems like a generous, comfortable, good-natured sort of house, just like the one who lived in it, for it was the home of James Whitcomb Riley. He was born there October 7, 1853, and soon grew to be a happy, freckle-faced, tow-headed boy such as you would meet in almost any town and would never think remarkable in any way. He was full of fun, but had a heart that was tender and overflowing with love, and a way of looking very closely at the common things and the common people around him, finding something interesting and beautiful in them all. He went to school in Greenfield until he was sixteen and then found a job with a house painter. He liked to draw and could make very good letters. So after a while he took his paint pots and brushes and traveled from town to town, painting signs wherever he could find anybody to pay for them. Then he joined a company of people who went about in a big wagon giving minstrel

[1] From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

shows and selling medicines in the small towns of Indiana. He sometimes beat the drum and sometimes played the banjo, and very likely he sometimes took part in the play, for he was a good actor. His father was a lawyer and wanted "Jim" to be a lawyer, too. "Jim" tried to study law in his father's office, but it was of no use. He just could n't do it.

At about this time he began to work for a country newspaper in Anderson, Indiana. He wrote bits of verse from time to time, and some of these found their way into the Indianapolis *Journal*. They were so good that the editor of the *Journal* asked young Riley to come to Indianapolis and write a column of them for the paper, every week. Many of these verses were written just as an Indiana farmer or farm boy would talk. They were different from most poems, and everybody liked them because they were so lifelike. He told about the old swimming hole where he used to go swimming when he was a boy; and about the circus-day parade that the boys followed through the streets, half wild with joy; and about "Old Aunt Mary's," where he used to go on Saturday afternoons and stuff himself with jam and quince preserves; and about "Little Orphant Annie," who told stories of the goblins; and about the "Raggedy Man," who worked on the old place.

For many years Mr. Riley made journeys all over the country, reciting his poems in public, and crowds of people came to see and hear him. He spent a part of his summers



James Whitcomb Riley

at the old home in Greenfield and the rest of the time in Indianapolis with some friends whom he had known for many years. He never married, but was very fond of children and had a group of them around him most of the time when he was not at work. He died in 1916.

Mr. Riley was loved and honored by all kinds of people, both great and small, but he was always as modest as when he was a boy. One of his friends said he was just a boy who had never grown up, and the reason that everybody loved him was because he had the heart of a child. He once told a friend that he had one great wish in his life. He wished he could make all little children happy. If you have read "The Book of Joyous Children," or "Rhymes of Childhood," or "Riley Child Rhymes," or any of the poems that he wrote for children, you will agree that his wish came true.

This poem about the circus-day parade will please you, I am sure, for you and I know that there is nothing much more exciting or interesting than a good parade. Haven't we chased along the street many a time after the elephants and the clown? Mr. Riley liked it just as much as we do. He tells how the playing of the bugles and the neighing of the horses and the rattle of the little drum used to fill his heart with a music that was very grand.

Then the band wagon, all glittering with gold, was a wonderful thing. The boys marched behind it, captured

by the music and the splendor, and they were so happy that they did n't think of anything else. And how the knights on horseback waved their banners and nodded at the children! The children were so excited that their eyes glistened like the spangles on the cloaks of the knights.

Then, there were the elephants, awkward enough, to be sure, and yet it seemed to the boys and girls that they were really quite graceful. The mild-eyed camels too went shambling along, chewing their cud and paying no attention to the clapping of hands and the cheering that greeted them as they passed.

The cages were boarded up, of course, and all that could be seen of the animals was the strange-looking noses stuck through the bars of the small windows at the end. And last of all, there was the clown in his little wagon, driving a mule; and the mule kept kicking at the dashboard all the time, until it seemed as if he were beating a tattoo on a drum. We don't any of us forget the circus-day parade!]

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and
played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows
ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the circus-day parade! How the bugles played and
played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rime of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write a story about the author of these verses, telling (*a*) in what state he was born; (*b*) what sort of boy he was; (*c*) what he did after leaving school; (*d*) something about his newspaper work; (*e*) some of the things he wrote about; (*f*) something about his reciting his poems; (*g*) something about his two homes; (*h*) the kind of man he is.

2. What three very interesting things in the circus-day parade are spoken of in the first stanza? 3. What are bugles? 4. What is a tenor-drum? 5. Why do you suppose the boys' hearts were "hungry"? 6. What is meant by "melody sublime"? 7. Describe the band-wagon. 8. What made it glitter? 9. What "captured" the boys? 10. What is meant by their being "unconscious"? 11. What is meant by a "rapture undefined"?

12. How were the horsemen dressed? 13. Why did the children's eyes glisten? 14. What can you tell about the elephant? 15. What about the little horse? 16. What about the camel? 17. What is meant by the camels being "tame to the plaudits of their fame"? 18. What were they "masticating"? 19. How were the wagons "battened fast"? 20. What was the "mystery" in the wagons? 21. Describe the clown. 22. *Memorize the poem.*

Other easy poems of Mr. Riley's are "The Brook Song," "The South Wind and the Sun," "On the Sunny Side," "The Pixy People," "No Boy Knows," "A Sudden Shower," "A Song" ("There is ever a song somewhere").

flossy (flŏss′y): silky.
tenor-drummer (tĕn′ŏr-drŭm′mĕr): one who plays the small drum in a band.
melody (mĕl′ŏ dy): music.
sublime (sŭb līme′): noble, grand.
splendor (splĕn′dŏr): great brightness.
unconscious (ŭn cŏn′shŭs): without knowing.
rapture (răp′tūre): great joy.
undefined (ŭn de fīned′): that cannot be explained.
of yore: of old; a long time ago.
graceless-graceful: awkward and yet seeming graceful to some.
stride (strīde): a long step.
cantered (căn′tẽred): galloped easily.
shambling (shăm′blĭng): walking awkwardly or dragging the feet.
plaudits (plau′dĭts): clapping of the hands; cheers.
listless (lĭst′lĕss): careless, not interested.
masticating (măs′tĭ cāt ĭng): chewing.
battened (băt′tened): fastened down or covered with boards.
mystery (mys′tĕr y): something secret and very interesting.
mirth (mĭrth): fun.
tattoo (tăt tōō′): a beating or drumming.

PART III. FAIRY AND WONDER STORIES

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON

[This story of Old Pipes is in Mr. Stockton's delightful book, "Fanciful Tales." Do you know the book? If you don't, perhaps you know the "Ting-a-ling Stories," or "Tales out of School," or "A Jolly Fellowship," or "The Floating Prince," or "Personally Conducted." Mr. Stockton wrote all of these, and also those exceedingly funny stories, "Rudder Grange" and "Pomona's Travels." He always saw the funny side of things, and yet he saw, too, all that was sweet and true.

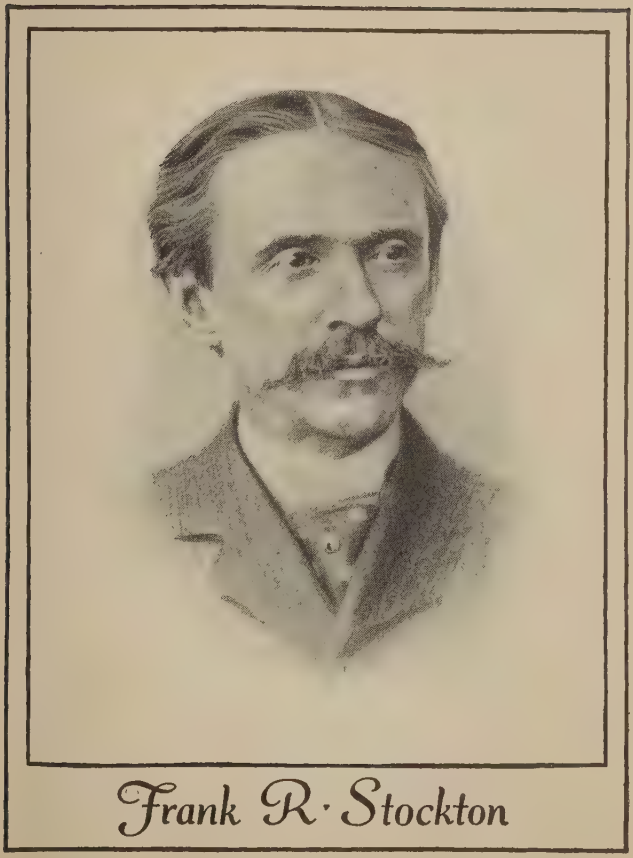
Mr. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in 1834. His father was a descendant of Richard Stockton who signed the Declaration of Independence. His mother was from Virginia. Young Frank went to the public schools and at the age of ten began to write verses. They were not remarkable verses, perhaps no better than most children of ten could write, but they showed that he *liked* to write, and when one likes to do a thing, he can generally, with some practice, learn to do it well. He went through the

Central High School of Philadelphia, but did not go to college. Instead of that, he learned to engrave blocks of wood, called woodcuts, from which pictures are printed in books and magazines.

About this time he began to write stories for children — not to earn money, but because he loved to write them — and he soon found that the children loved to hear them, too. At last so many people became interested in them that he gave up his engraving and spent all his time writing. He worked for a Philadelphia newspaper when he was not writing stories. Then he went to New York and wrote for *Scribner's Magazine*, and when the children's magazine, *St. Nicholas*, was started in 1873, he was made one of its editors. After seven years of this work he gave up his position as an editor and spent the rest of his life writing books.

A gentleman who went to see him in his later years describes him as a small man with a gray mustache and hair almost white. Whenever he spoke, his big dark eyes would light up. When he smiled, his whole soul would seem to show out in his face like a burst of sunshine. He loved children and was always ready to joke with them.

He married a Miss Tuttle, who lived in Virginia, the state from which his mother came. They lived, during his later years, on a beautiful farm of a hundred and fifty acres near Charlestown, West Virginia. It was a place



Frank R. Stockton

once owned by Washington. The house is said to have been planned by Washington for a favorite grandnephew.

Mr. Stockton, after becoming famous and greatly beloved, died in 1902, at the age of sixty-eight.

The story "Old Pipes and the Dryad" tells of an old man who was made young by the kiss of a dryad. A great many years ago it was believed that these dryads, or fairies, lived in the trees, and that every tree, or at least every highborn, respectable tree, had a dryad of its own, who was born with it and lived in it, watching and protecting it as it grew, and who finally died with it when it fell. The dryads were supposed to be very beautiful, and there are a great many legends about them. Every one seemed to agree that the kiss of a dryad was a very pleasant thing, and some said that it would make a person ten years younger. Mr. Stockton in his story has followed this idea.]

I

A mountain brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a footpath led out from the village and up the hillside to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother.

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the

flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village — the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use, so they paid him his little salary every month and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

Old Pipes' mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate, — posts, latch, hinges, and all, — and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipes did not spread over all the mountain side and echo

back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him and made his bed and mended his clothes, and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be, and Old Pipes thought that it must have been washed by the rains and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes, and from that time we've been driving them down. But we are rested now and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted, "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother — shouting very loudly to make her hear — how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages the Chief

Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I 'm sure you 've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I 'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hillside, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hillside, and, though longer, was not so steep.

When he had gone about halfway, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I 'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer time, on those days when

the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her — the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when

they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out; and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night and turned toward his cottage.

"Good night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!"

II

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that, as he was already seventy years of age, he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser;

but he made no remark on this subject, and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said, "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket and silently sped away.

The next day Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and

vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger.

The people of the village knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years or younger go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist.

A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods and had an adventure of this kind, and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before, and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need not try in that way to make up for the loss of his

piping wages, for he would only tire himself out and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand into his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big oak tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home, thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends, and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite

instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain side, the others following. The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But as they were all very busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough — the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-by, kind, honest man. May you live long and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself they were very much surprised. Thereupon Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and handshakes, for Old Pipes was liked by every one. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, every one present

insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who wrote this story? 2. From what book is it taken? 3. Name some other books by this author. 4. What can you say of his family? 5. What of his schooling? 6. What did he do after he left school? 7. How did he happen to begin writing stories for children? 8. What can you tell about his looks? 9. What about his home? (The first nine questions may be answered by writing a short story about Mr. Stockton.)

10. How did Old Pipes account for the path's being so hard for him? 11. Why did the girl make signs to the boys to stop talking to Old Pipes? 12. Why did the path to the cottage seem so much easier after Old Pipes had met the Dryad? 13. Why was he able to cut the wood so easily? 14. How old would a child of ten years become if a Dryad kissed him? 15. How far back did the Dryad's two kisses put Old Pipes? 16. In this story Mr. Stockton has shown us several beautiful pictures. Describe two or three of them. 17. Which do you like best, and why do you like it?

You will also be interested in "The Bee Man of Orn" "The Griffin and the Minor Canon" and others of the "Fanciful Tales"; also in the "Ting-a-ling Stories," which tell about giants and dwarfs.

dryad (drȳ′ăd) : a wood fairy that lives in a tree.
to pipe : to call by playing on a pipe.
grazing (grāz′ĭng) : eating grass from a pasture.
salary (săl′ă rȳ) : wages.
traverse (trăv′ẽrse) : to cross.
infirm (ĭn fĭrm′) : weak.
doleful (dōle′fụl) : sad.
rueful (rue′fụl) : sorrowful.
benefactor (bĕn e făc′tȯr) : one who does good to another.
fatigue (fă tīgue′) : weariness.
reflected (re flĕct′ĕd) : thought seriously.
destination (dĕs tĭ nā′shȯn) : the end of a journey.
opportunity (ŏp pŏr tū′nĭ tȳ) : chance.
amazement (á māze′mĕnt) : great surprise.
interval (ĭn′tẽr văl) : space of time between two things.
thereby (thêre bȳ′) : by it.
merely (mẽre′lȳ) : only.
benefited (bĕn′e fĭt ĕd) : helped.
congratulations (cŏn grăt ū lā′shȯnȿ) : words expressing pleasure at any one's success.
descendant (de scĕnd′ănt).
Pomona (Pō mō′nȧ).
echoes (ĕk′ōeȿ).
deaf (dĕaf).
opposite (ŏp′po ȿĭte).
aged (ā′ġĕd).

(For memorizing)

GOODNESS AND GLADNESS

ALICE CARY

Do not look for wrong and evil —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness — 5
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

visage (vĭz′aġe) : face.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

EUGENE FIELD

[The story of Eugene Field's life is told in Book Three of the Literary Readers. You will remember how he made friends with the little folks everywhere, and how he used to keep candy and toys in convenient places to give to them. Sometimes he would take one of his own children up into his arms at bedtime and tell of the wonderful sugar-plum tree that grows in Shut-Eye Town. It was just another way of saying that if you would shut your eyes and go to sleep you might dream about this remarkable tree.]

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'T is a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you 've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground —
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I 'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Read the story of Eugene Field's life, in Book Three, and write a story about him. 2. Make up a more common name for the sugar-plum tree. 3. Make up a more common name for the

Lollipop sea? 4. Why do you suppose children who have a good long sleep and dream about this pleasant sort of fruit will be "happy next day"? 5. What other Western poet was born only a few years after Mr. Field and also wrote many poems for children? (If you can't think, see p. 79 of this book.)

Other easy poems of Eugene Field besides those printed in Book Three are "Little Boy Blue," "The Duel," "Booh," "Pittypat and Tippytoe," "Good Children Street," "Fiddle-dee-dee," and "Lady Button Eyes."

Other good nonsense poems are those of Edward Lear — "The Jumblies," "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" (Literary Readers, Book Three), "The Pobble who has no Toes," "The Duck and the Kangaroo," and others; Lewis Carroll's "The Walrus and the Carpenter"; and Herford's "Child's Primer of Natural History."

sugar-plum: a piece of candy.
renown (re nown′): fame.
lollipop (lŏl′lĭ pŏp): a kind of taffy, sometimes on a stick.
contrive (cŏn trīve′): to plan or find a way.
zest (zĕst): relish, pleasure.
agog (à gŏg′): eager, excited.
proportions (pro pōr′shŏnz): here means size.
attest (ăt tĕst′): show or prove.
cavorting (cà vôrt′ĭng): capering.

THE LITTLE FAY

ROBERT BUCHANAN

I rise from my bed of an acorn cup
And shake the dew from my hair and eyes,
Then I stoop to a dewdrop and drink it up,
And it seems to strengthen my wings to rise.
Then I fly, I fly! I rise up high,
High as the greenwood tree!

THE POOL OF TEARS

LEWIS CARROLL

["Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" are two books that every sensible child likes because of the nonsense that is in them. A little nonsense now and then I am sure does n't hurt any of us. If I ask you who wrote these books you will say Lewis Carroll, but if I ask you who Lewis Carroll was, maybe you will not be so quick to answer. Sometimes a writer does not wish to have his real name known, and so makes up a name which is called his pen name. The pen name of the author of "Alice in Wonderland" was Lewis Carroll, but his real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He lived in the old college town of Oxford, in England. He was born on a farm near there in the year 1832 and was one of a family of eleven children. His father was a minister. At fourteen Charles went to a famous boys' school at Rugby, and from there to college at Oxford. He was a fine scholar, took many prizes, and became a teacher.

He loved children and used to make parties and picnics for them and tell them stories. One summer afternoon he took three of his little girl friends, Alice, Lorena, and Edith Liddell, for a boat ride on the river. They asked for a

story — as they always did when he went out with them — and he began to tell them about a little girl whom he called Alice, after Alice Liddell, and who had a great many surprising adventures. He made up the story as he went along, and whenever he got to an exciting place he would stop and say, "And that's all till next time." Then he would pretend to go to sleep, but the girls would shake him and cry, "It *is* next time now"; and he would take up the story again. They had many trips together before the story was finished. Afterwards he wrote it out for Alice, and it was printed. He called it "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Several years afterwards he wrote another book about Alice, which he called "Through the Looking Glass."

This selection is from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Alice has just eaten a small cake which she finds in Wonderland and has at once grown very tall — more than nine feet tall — so tall that her head touches the ceiling. She sits down and begins to cry. Then she scolds herself for being so silly.]

I

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears,

until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep, and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. He came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir — " The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is: who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she and *I'm* I, and — oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is — oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the multiplication table doesn't signify; let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome — no, that's all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say 'How doth the little — '" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it; but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on: "I must be Mabel, after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying, 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say, 'Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else'—but, oh dear!" cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so very tired of being all alone here!"

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly. She soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

"That was a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find

herself still in existence. "And now for the garden!" And she ran with all speed back to the little door; but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

II

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion that, wherever you go on the English coast, you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That will be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was. At first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

"Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here that I should think very likely it can talk; at any rate, there's no harm in trying." So she began: "O mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O mouse!" (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse. She had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, "A mouse — of a mouse — to a mouse — a mouse — O mouse!") The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice. "I dare say it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: "Où est ma chatte?" [pronounce: o͞o ā mä shät] which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all

over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice, hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you did n't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. "Would you like cats if you were me?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Alice, in a soothing tone. "Don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah. I think you 'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear, quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face — and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse — and she 's such a capital one for catching mice — oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again; for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more, if you 'd rather not."

"We, indeed!" cried the mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. "As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always hated cats — nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you — are you fond — of — of dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier,

you know, with oh, such long, curly, brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things — I can't remember half of them — and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and — oh dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful tone, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" For the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it, "Mouse, dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats, or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her. Its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. From what book is this selection taken and how did the book happen to be written? 2. Write a short story about the author. 3. What mistakes did Alice make in her multiplication table and her geography? 4. What kind of a girl do you think Mabel must have been? 5. What did Alice mean by "next to no toys"? 6. The little door opened into the garden, and the little golden key which unlocked it was on the table. Why

could n't Alice get the key? 7. How can you account for the great size of the pool of tears? 8. What is a crocodile? 9. What is a walrus? 10. What is a hippopotamus? 11. If the mouse had known how to use the English language properly, what would he have said instead of "if you were me"?

Dodgson (Dŏd*g*′sŏn).
Liddell (Lĭd′dĕll).
the Duchess (Dŭch′ĕss): a queer little woman in Wonderland.
scurried (scûr′rĭed): hurried or scampered.
Nile (Nīle): a river in Africa.
poky (pōk′ў): tiresome.
in existence (ĕx ĭst′ĕnçe): alive.
bathing machines (bāth′ĭng mā-çhīnes′): small bathhouses on wheels, which can be pushed into the water.
inquisitively (ĭn quĭs′ĭ tĭve lў): as if asking a question.
William the Conqueror (Cŏn′kĕr ẽr): A French or Norman duke who conquered England and became the English king William the First.
Où est ma chatte? (o͞o ä mä shät): French for "Where is my cat?"
passionate (păsh′ŭn āte): excited.
offended (ŏf fĕnd′ĕd): displeased.
a hundred pounds: in American money a pound is $4.87.

LINES FROM "A LOBSTER QUADRILLE"

Lewis Carroll

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There 's a porpoise close behind us, and he 's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?"

quadrille (quà drĭl′): a dance.
whiting (whīt′ĭng): a kind of fish.
porpoise (pôr′pŭs): a large fish.
shingle (shĭn′gle): a stony beach.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

A FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[This fable tells how the mountain and the squirrel quarreled. The mountain called the squirrel a "little prig," which is a smart, vain sort of person. The squirrel was not pleased at the name and said: "You are big enough, to be sure, but it takes all sorts of things to make a world, and for my part I'm not ashamed of being small. It's good to be small, and you're not nearly so small as I am. You can't run about as I do, either; though you make a pretty good place for me to walk on. All people can't do the same things. The world is wisely arranged. I can't carry forests on my back, but you can't crack a nut."

The fable means that there is something for every one of us to do. One is big; another is little. One can carry forests; another can crack nuts. But the little things are just as important as the big ones, and there is just as much honor in doing them.

Mr. Emerson, who wrote this fable, was one of the greatest of American authors. He was also a wise and a good man, who was loved and honored by all who knew him. He lived at the same time as Longfellow and

Whittier and Lowell. You will find the story of his life in Book Six of the Literary Readers.]

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell all that you know about the author of this fable.
2. What is meant by "the former" and by "the latter"?
3. What did the mountain call the squirrel, and what does that

mean? 4. What different sorts of weather must we have in a year and what good does each kind do? 5. What sort of opinion did the squirrel have of himself? 6. Is there a difference between being "stuck up" and being sure that you can do your work well? 7. What does the fable teach? 8. *Memorize this poem.*

There is an old verse — perhaps you remember it — which tells about a battle a great many years ago in England:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of a rider the battle was lost.
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

So the fate of an army depended on a horseshoe nail. Read also Æsop's fable, "The Lion and the Mouse," Edward Everett Hale's story of Nahum Prince, and Phœbe Cary's poem, "The Leak in the Dike." (See Literary Readers, Book Five, page 64.)

former (fôr′mẽr): the one named first of two persons or things.
latter (lăt′tẽr): the one named last of two persons or things.
Bun: Bunny. A pet name given to a squirrel or rabbit.
occupy (ŏc′cu pў): to live in.
sphere (sfēr*e*): here means a world or a life.
disgrace (dĭs grāc*e*′): shame or dishonor.
spry (spry): quick, active.
talent (tăl′ĕnt): power to do a certain thing well.

(*For memorizing*)

Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PART IV. STORIES OF ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND NATURE

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

THE BIBLE

[The book of Psalms is really a hymn book. It contains songs of worship which have been sung and read and repeated for hundreds of years. This Twenty-third Psalm, sometimes called the Shepherd Psalm, was first sung by David, who was once a shepherd boy and took care of his father's sheep in the valleys about Bethlehem. You have heard how he once went to take some bread and some parched corn to his brothers, who were in the army of the Israelites, and while he was there the giant Goliath came out from the enemy's camp and dared any one of the Israelites to come and fight, but no one would go. Then David went to Saul, the king of Israel, and said that he would go and fight the giant. He told Saul that once, when he was watching his sheep, a lion and a bear came down, and he fought with the lion and the bear and killed them both. Then Saul let him go to fight the giant Goliath, and David put a stone in his sling and threw it

and struck the giant between the eyes and killed him. Some years afterward David himself became king of Israel and ruled the people wisely and well.

In this psalm David gives us the picture of a shepherd's life in Syria. Every morning the shepherd takes his flock of sheep out into the valleys beside the brooks or about the wells, where the grass is green and juicy. The water comes up into these wells from underground springs and sometimes fills them to the brim.

The shepherd also watches his flock to keep them from wandering away, for all around them are wild, dry plains broken by deep ravines into which the sheep may fall. Then the paths are hard to follow. They divide here and there into many branches, and the sheep often follow the wrong path and are lost. Sometimes the path leads through frightful, rocky gorges, where wolves and other wild beasts lie in wait, and snakes lift up their heads and shoot out their hissing tongues from hollows in the rocks.

The shepherd always carries with him two sticks, one a stout rod or club which hangs at his side and which he uses to drive off wild beasts, and the other a long staff, sometimes with a crook at the end, with which he guides the sheep, reaching out and pulling them back with the crook or stretching the staff in front of them to keep them from running away. It is sometimes very hard in that hot, dry country to find a good feeding place for the sheep and

to keep them safe while they are eating, for their enemies, the wolves and the jackals and, in older times, the lions, are all around them waiting for a chance to eat them up.

At night the shepherd guides his sheep back to the sheepfold and stands at the door with his staff in his hand. With this staff he keeps back the flock while he lets the sheep pass in one by one, carefully looking at each to see if it is scratched or cut, for the sheep often cut themselves on the sharp stones or scratch themselves on the thorns. If one is hurt he puts healing oil on its wounds. If some of the weaker ones are tired and worn out with the day's wandering, he rubs oil on their heads and noses, and gives them a drink of cool water from a cup which he fills brimful out of a jar close by. They love this house, or sheepfold, to which the shepherd leads them, because they know that there they are safe from all harm. They love the shepherd and run to him when they are in trouble, because they know that he loves them and will take care of them.

David, in this psalm, says that he is like a sheep and God is like the shepherd.]

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT"

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who wrote the Shepherd Psalm? 2. Why is it called so? 3. By what other name is it known? 4. Who was David? 5. Tell the story of how he conquered Goliath. 6. What do the shepherds in Syria do every morning with their sheep? 7. For what two reasons is it important to find a place for the sheep near where there is water?

8. Why is it so important to lead the sheep in right paths? 9. Why do the sheep fear no evil thing? 10. What is the rod? 11. What is the staff? 12. What is each used for? 13. What is the "table" that the shepherd prepares for the sheep? 14. What are the sheep's enemies? 15. What is meant by preparing a table "in the presence of mine enemies"? 16. How does the shepherd anoint the sheep's head with oil, and why? 17. What is meant by a cup "running over"? 18. Why do the sheep love the sheepfold? 19. Why do they love the shepherd? 20. Whom did David mean by the shepherd? 21. *Memorize the psalm.*

Other psalms that are easy to read are XXIV, XXVII, LXVII, LXXXIV, C, and CXXI. (See p. 298 of this book.)

psalm (*psälm*) : a song of praise or worship.
Israelites (Ĭs´ra ĕl ītes) : Hebrews or Jews.
ravines (rȧ vĭnes´) : gorges or gullies in the earth.
restoreth my soul : makes me strong and well again.
paths of righteousness (rī´chŭs nĕss) : the right paths.
valley of the shadow of death : a place where danger or death threatens.
preparest a table before me : find a fresh place for pasture.
anointest (ȧ noint´ĕst) : rub or spread over.
Syria (Sỹr´ĭȧ) : a country in Asia.
Bethlehem (Bĕth´le hĕm) : an ancient town in Syria.

(*For memorizing*)

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful, while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE SANDPIPER

Celia Thaxter

[Did you ever, while walking along a beach, notice a line of driftwood left there by the waves? There were bits of sticks and blocks that had been tossed about in the water and upon the rocks until their edges were worn smooth and round. Some of them had belonged perhaps to gallant ships that had gone down in the storms, and some of them had floated from far-off shores — no one knows how far or how long. There were also pieces of seaweed and grass and little animals and many a queer wandering thing that had been tossed there when the waves were high. And perhaps you may have noticed along this line of drift the marks of a bird's feet, for the shore birds know that among the drift they will find food.

You may have seen the bird that makes some of these marks — a trim little gray or brownish bird, not quite so large as a robin, but with longer legs, a long bill, and a white or spotted breast. He runs along the beach, sometimes close to the edge of the water, and now and then thrusts his long bill into the sand searching for food. The storms do not disturb him. He seems to love the wind and the dashing spray. And through the roar of the waves you may hear his sweet, musical little cry, somewhat like the note

of a flute or a pipe. It is this note that has given him his name of sandpiper.

About seventy-five years ago, upon a narrow beach on one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, might have been seen playing almost any day in storm or sunshine a happy little girl named Celia Laighton. She was born in Portsmouth in 1835, but when she was five years old her father was made lighthouse keeper on this lonely island and went there with his wife and children. There were only a few Norwegian fishermen and their families on the Isles of Shoals, and life would have been very dull if this small girl had not been so fond of the sea. How she loved the salt spray, and the long, rolling waves, and the rocks, in whose hollows she found hundreds of strange little sea creatures when the tide went out! And how she loved the little garden, bright with poppies and larkspur and sweet peas, which she tended with her own hands! She was a kind-hearted child, and sometimes, during a storm, when the sea birds would dash themselves against the lighthouse and break their wings, she would take care of them until they were able to fly once more.

She became Celia Thaxter when she married young Mr. Levi Thaxter, who had come out as a missionary to the fishermen upon the islands. Then she went back to the mainland to live, and there she met many interesting people and studied music and painting, and had many happy days,

but she was always hungry for the sea. Her first poem was called "Land-Locked," and tells of this longing. Yet she often went back to the islands to see her parents, and after her father died she spent much of her time there with her mother and brothers. Later in her life she used to pass a part of her summers there and her winters at Newton, near Boston. One of her greatest joys was to call the wild birds around her and feed them. She died in 1894.

In this poem, "The Sandpiper," Mrs. Thaxter tells us how she went out upon the beach one day to gather driftwood for the fire. A storm was coming up; the waves were running high and the black clouds were flying swiftly over them; the ships, with their sails all taken in, were being driven before the wind. She saw a little sandpiper running along before her, afraid of nothing, and she felt that they two, out in the wind together, ought to be friends. She asked herself where the sandpiper would be at night when the storm would break in all its fury and when she would be beside her fire in the house; but the thought came to her that he could meet with no harm, for God would watch over him as well as over her.]

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong.
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the author of this poem, or write a short story of her life. 2. Describe the sandpiper; tell why he is so called and why he likes to run along that part of the beach where the drift is. 3. Think of this poem as a picture. What can you see in the first stanza? 4. Who is gathering driftwood? What is driftwood, and why is she gathering it so quickly? 5. What is meant by the wild waves "reaching their hands" for the driftwood? 6. What is meant by the tide running high?

7. What can you see in the second stanza? 8. What are "sullen" clouds? Explain "scud black and swift." 9. What did the lighthouses look like, and what were their "misty shrouds"? 10. Why were the ships close-reefed?

11. What do you see in the third stanza? 12. What is a "fitful" song, and what did the sandpiper do when he heard it? 13. Say "scans me with a fearless eye" in simpler words, and tell whether the sandpiper thought that any wrong would be done to him. 14. What are "staunch friends," and why did the sandpiper seem to be a friend?

15. What is asked in the last stanza? 16. Explain "wroth the tempest rushes through the sky." 17. Why was there no danger that the sandpiper would be drowned or killed? 18. Think of these words "storm," "comrades," "God's children." They will help you to get the feeling of the poem. Who were comrades and why? What is meant by God's children? 19. *Memorize the poem.*

Other simple poems by Mrs. Thaxter are "The Wounded Curlew," "Spring," "Wild Geese," "Chanticleer," "Little Gustava," "March," "April," and "Easter Song." She tells about her island home in the book, "Among the Isles of Shoals." Mrs. Wright's "Gray Lady and the Birds" has a description of the sandpiper.

Norwegian (Nŏr wē′ġĭăn): from Norway.
raves (rāveş): acts wildly or madly.
tide (tīde): the regular rising and falling of the water on the seashore, which happens in most places twice each day.
scud (scŭd): to run or be driven quickly.
shrouds (shroudş): sheets or clothing for the dead.
close-reefed (clōse-rēefed): with all sails taken in.
fitful (fĭt′fụl): irregular, by fits and starts.
drapery (drā′pēr ў): cloth, either in a dress or hung loosely.
scans (scănş): looks at carefully.
staunch (staunch): firm or constant.
wroth (*w*rôth): angry.
Laighton (Lā*igh*′tŏn).

(*For memorizing*)

THE SWALLOWS

Sir Edwin Arnold

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian —
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

doublet (dŏŭ′blĕt): a close coat.
surcoat (sûr′cōat): a cloak.

A FOREST FIRE

JOAQUIN MILLER

[Few men have lived a wilder or more exciting life than Joaquin Miller. He was born in Indiana in 1841, and when nine years old went with his parents to Oregon. That country was then an almost unknown land of mountains and forests, full of bears, elk, and Indians, with only a few white settlers. At thirteen young Miller set out from Oregon, alone, for the gold mines of California. On the way he fell in with a company of white men, got into a battle with the Indians, was shot through with an arrow and was almost killed. An old Indian woman who had been captured carried him on her back to a place of safety. When he recovered he went to Mexico to drive cattle, and while returning he was again attacked by Indians, struck down with a club, and left for dead. But friendly Indians took him to one of their camps and cared for him, and he stayed with them until he was strong again.

Then he lived in a mining camp and washed gold out of the sand and dirt by the side of a mountain stream in a deep canyon in northern California. This was a rough life, and he saw many a terrible fight — too terrible to speak of here. He helped to rescue an Indian boy and girl whom some of the miners were about to kill, and afterwards went

with them to their people, where he was welcomed and made much of.

For five years he lived among these Indians, and after a time married the Indian girl whom he had saved and who had grown up to be a beautiful young woman. He helped the tribe to fight their battles against other tribes, sometimes even fighting with them against the whites, for he felt that the Indians had not been treated fairly. His Indian wife was killed as they were trying to escape by crossing a swift river on horseback.

At another time he fought with the whites against the Indians, when he felt that the Indians were in the wrong. He was for a time an express messenger in Idaho, in the days when robbing stagecoaches was a common thing. Then he edited a newspaper in Oregon, studied and practiced law, and was for five years a county judge.

In 1870 he went to England, published a book of poems, and was received with high honors. Then he spent several years in newspaper work in New York and Washington and at last went West again. He had married a second time, after his return from among the Indians, and he spent his last years quietly with his wife and daughter in Oakland, California, where he died at the age of seventy-one. He wrote many poems, stories, and plays, most of them about wild life in the early days of the West. His finest short poem is "Columbus." When he was a child his father and

mother gave him the name Cincinnatus, but he never liked it, and I don't think we can blame him much. Later in life he called himself Joaquin, from the name of a Mexican whom he once defended when he was a lawyer in Oregon.

This story of a forest fire is from his book, "True Bear Stories." While he was a young man he was once hired by two English artists to guide them through the forests at the base of Mount Shasta. They were hunting, fishing, and painting. Six Indians had been hired to carry a part of the baggage. As they picked their way through the rough underbrush they suddenly found that the forest was on fire behind them. These forest fires in the West, when under full headway, are terrible things. They sweep all before them and spread so quickly that it is often impossible to escape.]

I

And now the wind blew past and over us. Bits of white ashes sifted down like snow. Surely the sea of fire was coming, coming right on after us! Still there was no sign save this little sift of ashes, no sound — nothing at all except the trained sense of the Indians and the terror of the "cattle" (this is what the Englishmen called our horses) to give us warning.

In a short time we struck an arroyo, or canyon, that was nearly free from brush and led steeply down to the

cool, deep waters of the McCloud River. Here we found the Indians had thrown their loads and themselves on the ground.

They got up in sulky silence and stripping our horses turned them loose; and then, taking our saddles, they led us hastily up out of the narrow mouth of the arroyo under a little steep stone bluff.

They did not say a word or make any sign, and we were all too breathless and bewildered to either question or protest. The sky was black, and thunder made the woods tremble. We were hardly done wiping the blood and perspiration from our torn hands and faces, where we sat, when the mule jerked up his head, sniffed, snorted, and then plunged headlong into the river and struck out for the deep forest on the farther bank, followed by the ponies.

As we turned our eyes from seeing the animals safely over, right there by us and a little behind us, through the willows of the canyon and over the edge of the water, we saw peering and pointing toward the other side dozens of long black and brown outreaching noses. Elk!

They had come noiselessly; they stood motionless. They did not look back or aside, only straight ahead. We could almost have touched the nearest one. They were large and fat, almost as fat as cows, certainly larger than the ordinary Jersey. The peculiar thing about them was the way, the level way, in which they held their small, long heads

— straight out, the huge horns of the males lying far back on their shoulders. And then for the first time I could make out what these horns are for — to part the brush with, as they lead through the thicket, and thus save their coarse coats of hair, which is very rotten and could be torn off in a little time if not thus protected. They are never used to fight with, never; the elk uses only his feet. If on the defense, however, the male elk will throw his nose close to the ground and receive the enemy on his horns.

Suddenly and all together — and perhaps they had only paused a second — they moved on into the water, led by a bull with a head of horns like a rocking-chair. And his rocking-chair rocked his head under water much of the time. The cold, swift water soon broke the line, only the leader making the bank directly before us, while the others drifted far down and out of sight.

Our artists, meantime, had dug up pencil and pad and begun to work. But an Indian jerked aside the saddles on which the Englishmen sat, and the work was stopped. Everything was now packed up close under the steep little ledge of rocks. An avalanche of smaller wild animals, mostly deer, was upon us. Many of these had their tongues hanging from their half-opened mouths. They did not attempt to drink, as you would suppose, but slid into the water silently, almost as soon as they came. Surely they must have seen us, but certainly they took no notice of us.

And such order! No crushing or crowding, as you see cattle in corrals, aye, as you see people sometimes in the cars.

And now came a torrent of little creeping things — rabbits, rats, squirrels! None of these smaller creatures attempted to cross, but crept along in the willows and brush close to the water.

They loaded down the willows till they bent into the water, and the terrified little creatures floated away without the least bit of noise or confusion. And still the black skies were filled with the solemn boom of thunder. In fact, we had not yet heard any noise of any sort except thunder, not even our own voices. There was something more eloquent in the air now, something more terrible than man or beast, and all things were awed into silence — a profound silence.

And all this time countless creatures, little creatures and big, were crowding the bank on our side or swimming across or floating down, down, down the swift, wood-hung waters. Suddenly the stolid leader of the Indians threw his two naked arms in the air and let them fall, limp and helpless, at his side; then he pointed out into the stream, for there embers and living and dead beasts began to drift and sweep down the swift waters from above. The Indians now gathered up the packs and saddles and made a barricade above, for it was clear that many a living thing would now be borne down upon us.

The two Englishmen looked one another in the face long and thoughtfully, pulling their feet under them to keep from being trodden on. Then, after another avalanche of creatures of all sorts and sizes, a sort of Noah's ark this time, one of them said to the other:

"Beastly, you know!"

"Awful beastly, don't you know!"

As they were talking entirely to themselves, I did not trouble myself to call their attention to an enormous yellow rattlesnake which had suddenly and noiselessly slid down, over the steep little bluff of rocks behind us, into our midst.

But now note this fact — every man there, red or white, saw or felt that huge and noiseless monster the very second she slid among us. For as I looked, even as I first looked, and then turned to see what the others would say or do, they were all looking at the glittering eyes set in that coffin-like head.

II

The Indians did not move back or seem nearly so much frightened as when they saw the drift of embers and dead beasts in the river before them, but the florid Englishmen turned white! They resolutely arose, thrust their hands in their pockets, and stood leaning their backs hard against the steep bluff. Then another snake, long, black, and beautiful, swept his supple neck down between them and

thrust his red tongue forth — as if a bit of the flames had already reached us.

Fortunately, this particular "wisest of all the beasts of the field" was not disposed to tarry. In another second he had swung to the ground and was making a thousand graceful curves in the swift water for the farther bank.

The world, even the world of books, seems to know nothing at all about the wonderful snakes that live in the woods. The woods rattlesnake is as large as at least twenty ordinary rattlesnakes, and Indians say it is entirely harmless. The enormous black snake, I know, is entirely without venom. In all my life, spent mostly in the camp, I have seen only three of those monstrous yellow woods rattlesnakes — one in Indiana, one in Oregon, and the other on this occasion here on the banks of the McCloud. Such bright eyes! It was hard to stop looking at them.

Meantime a good many bears had come and gone. The bear is a good swimmer and takes to the water without fear. He is, in truth, quite a fisherman; so much of a fisherman, in fact, that in salmon season here his flesh is unfit for food. The pitiful part of it all was to see such little creatures as could not swim clinging all up and down and not daring to take to the water.

Unlike their domesticated brothers, we saw several wildcats take to the water promptly. The wildcat, you must

know, has no tail to speak of. But the panther and Californian lion are well equipped in this respect and abhor the water.

I constantly kept an eye over my shoulder at the ledge or little bluff of rocks, expecting to see a whole row of lions and panthers sitting there, almost "cheek by jowl" with my English friends, at any moment. But strangely enough, we saw neither panther nor lion; nor did we see a single grizzly among all the bears that came that way.

We now noticed that one of the Indians had become fascinated or charmed by looking too intently at the enormous serpent in our midst. The snake's huge, coffin-shaped head, as big as your open palm, was slowly swaying from side to side. The Indian's head was doing the same, and their eyes were drawing closer and closer together. Whatever there may be in the Bible story of Eve and the serpent, whether a figure or a fact, who shall say? — it is certainly, in some sense, true.

An Indian will not kill a rattlesnake. But to break the charm, in this case, they caught their companion by the shoulders and forced him back flat on the ground. And there he lay, crying like a child, the first and only Indian I ever saw cry. And then suddenly boom! boom! boom! as if heaven burst. It began to rain in torrents. And just then, as we began to breathe freely and feel safe, there came a crash and bump and bang above our

heads and high over our heads, from off the ledge behind us! Over our heads like a rocket, in an instant and clear into the water, leaped a huge black bear, a ball of fire, his fat sides in flame! He sank out of sight, but soon came up, spun around like a top, dived again, then again spun around. But he got across, I am glad to say — and this always pleases my little girl, Juanita. He sat there on the bank looking back at us quite a time. Finally he washed his face, like a cat, then quietly went away.

The rattlesnake was the last to cross. The beautiful yellow beast was not at all disconcerted, but with the serenest dignity lifted her yellow folds, coiled and uncoiled slowly, curved high in the air, arched her glittering neck of gold, widened her body till broad as your two hands, and so slid away over the water to the other side through the wild, white rain. The cloudburst put out the fire instantly, showing that, though animals have superhuman foresight, they don't know everything before the time.

The Indians made their moaning and whimpering friend, who had been overcome by the snake, pull himself together, and they swam across and gathered up the "cattle."

Some men say a bear cannot leap, but I say there are times when a bear can leap like a tiger. This was one of the times.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell or write a story about this author—where he was born, where he went, and what he did, until he began to work in the mining camp. 2. Tell about his life in the mining camp and among the Indians. 3. Tell what he did after he came back to live among the whites.

4. Describe a forest fire. 5. How did the horses act, and how do you suppose they knew what was the matter? 6. What were the long rows of black and brown noses that were seen in the arroyo? Tell what you can about the animals to which they belonged. What use do these animals make of their horns? 7. Why did the deer and the other wild animals take no notice of the men on the bank of the river?

8. Tell about the rattlesnake—what he did, and how the men behaved. What is the difference between the woods rattlesnake and the ordinary rattlesnake? 9. Why is the flesh of the bear unfit for food during the salmon season? 10. What is the "domesticated brother" of the wildcat? 11. Tell what happened to the bear in this story and how he saved himself.

Other stories of Joaquin Miller in "True Bear Stories" will be interesting here. Ernest Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly," William J. Long's story of the bear in "Ways of Wood Folk," and the book called "Bear Stories from St. Nicholas" are also good.

arroyo (ăr roy′ō): a ravine or gully.
canyon (căn′yon): the same as an arroyo, but usually deeper.
bewildered (be wĭl′dĕred): confused.
protest (pro tĕst′): to object.
peering (pēer′ĭng): looking earnestly.
peculiar (pe cūl′yar): strange.
bull (bull): means here a male elk.
making the bank: reaching the bank.
dug up: slang for taken out of their pockets or baggage.
avalanche (ăv′a lanche): a great mass falling suddenly.

corrals (cŏr răl̲s′) : yards or pens.
aye (ī) : yes.
eloquent (ĕl′o quĕnt) : strong and earnest in speech.
awed (a̲wed) : made afraid.
profound (pro found′) : deep.
stolid (stŏl′ĭd) : dull.
embers (ĕm′bẽr̲s) : pieces of charred or burned wood.
barricade (băr rĭ cād′) : a pile of things thrown up for protection.
florid (flŏr′ĭd) : ruddy, red-faced.
supple (sŭp′ple) : soft and bending.
wisest of all the beasts of the field refers to the Bible, where it is said that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."
tarry (tăr′rў) : stop.
venom (vĕn′ŏm) : the poison of a snake.
domesticated (do mĕs′tĭ cāt ĕd) : tame.
equipped (e kwĭpped′) : furnished.
abhor (ăb hôr′) : hate or shudder at.
cheek by jowl : side by side.
fascinated (făs′cĭ nāt ĕd) : charmed.
palm (päl̲m) : palm of the hand.
disconcerted (dĭs cŏn çĕrt′ĕd) : disturbed or confused.
serenest (se rēn′ĕst) : calmest.
superhuman (sū pẽr hū′măn) : more than human.
whimpering (whĭm′pẽr ĭng) : whining.
Joaquin (Wä kĭn′).
Juanita (Wä nĭ′tà).
Cincinnatus (Cĭn cĭn nā′tŭs).

(*For memorizing*)

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

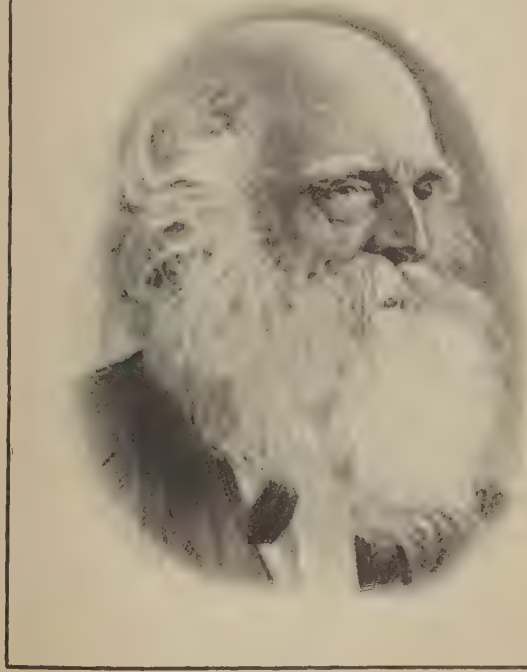
Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
Fly!

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Bryant was the poet of nature — of woods and wild flowers and running brooks and singing birds. He loved to be out of doors, to feel the wind in his face, to hear the song of the bobolink, and to wander alone in the forest. He was the oldest of our great American poets and was born in a log farmhouse in Cummington, up among the mountains of western Massachusetts, in 1794, when the United States had but just begun as a nation and when Washington was president.

His father was a doctor and taught the boy a great deal about flowers and plants and something about music and poetry. His mother was a strong and good woman who spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for all the family, besides making the carpets, the candles, the soap, and most of the other things that were needed about the house. She also taught the children to read and write and to hate everything mean and bad. When young Cullen was four years old he began to go to school, and when he was eight he commenced writing verse. It was n't very good verse at first, but he kept at it because he liked the rime and the measured beat of the lines, and before many years he was writing poetry that we still read and love.



William Cullen Bryant

Beside the schoolhouse was a brook where he used to pick wild flowers. Years afterward he went back and sat beside it and wrote his poem "The Rivulet," which tells how he felt when he played there as a boy. When he was thirteen he had one of his poems printed in a little book and sold a number of copies. This was not much of a poem, either, but was good for a boy of his age. When he was eighteen he wrote a really great poem called "Thanatopsis," which you will some day read. Literary men could not believe that there was any one in America who could write such poetry — least of all, a boy of eighteen. Young Bryant went to college, but could afford to stay only one year. He then studied law with a country lawyer not far from Cummington and practiced in several Massachusetts towns. In one of these towns he met the young woman who became his wife. When he was thirty-one he went to New York City, wrote for several papers, and at last became editor of the New York *Evening Post*, which he made one of the greatest newspapers in the United States, and which he edited until his death in 1878, at the age of eighty-four.

The poem which we have selected for our reading to-day tells of the bobolink. I wonder if you know the bobolink. He comes north in May and is then a rollicking sort of fellow dressed in shiny black, with patches of white or light buff on the back of his head, his shoulders, and the upper part of his tail. He belongs to the blackbird family,

but is much more stylish than any of the other blackbirds. Mrs. Bobolink is more modest in her dress, which is of yellowish brown with streaks of lighter and darker shades. She dresses so plainly that the poet calls her a Quaker wife, from the quiet colors which the Quakers wear. The name "bobolink" comes from the song of the male bird, which sounds very much as it is described in the poem, "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link; spink, spank, spink; chee, chee, chee!"

The birds build their nest in the meadows among the grass and weeds, or sometimes in grain fields, hiding it so carefully that there is nothing to mark it, and making you wonder how they can ever find it themselves. By the time the bobolink children are old enough to take care of themselves Mr. Bobolink's fine black suit has grown rather old and rusty. He stops his gay song and has only one note, a sort of "chink! chink!" which is really a call to his mate.

In August the bobolinks gather in great flocks and begin to fly south. A month later they are found along the south Atlantic coast and the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where they are known as *reed birds* and are used for food. Continuing their southern journey, they reach before long the rice fields of Carolina and the Gulf of Mexico and there they are called *rice birds*. They make themselves very much at home, help themselves to the growing rice freely, without asking leave, and become at length quite fat and stupid. They eat and destroy so much that the owners of

the plantations send out crowds of men and boys to kill or drive them away. Many of the birds go to Central America for the winter. There they are known as *butter birds* and are also killed for food. But those who escape all these perils come north again the next spring with their bright new suits and their rollicking song, and we welcome them as the jolliest of all our feathered friends.]

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What things did Mr. Bryant write most about? 2. Tell all you can about his father and mother and his early home. 3. Tell about the first poetry that he wrote and about his first great poem. 4. Tell what you can of his later life.

5. Describe the bobolink, telling about the dress of the female, that of the male, and about the change in Mr. Bobolink's clothes. Tell also about the nest. 6. Tell when the bobolinks go south, what they are called in the different places that they visit, and what happens to them there. 7. Why is the bobolink called Robert of Lincoln, and what is meant by "telling his name"? 8. Why is his black coat called a "wedding coat"? 9. Why is Mrs. Bobolink called a "Quaker wife," and what is her song?

10. In what two verses is Robert of Lincoln supposed to be singing to his wife, and who is supposed to do the singing in the last verse? 11. What is meant by the line "Off is his holiday garment laid," and why is he a "humdrum crone"?

Others of Bryant's simpler poems are "To the Fringed Gentian," "March," "The Gladness of Nature," "The Yellow Violet," and "Song of Marion's Men."

If you are interested in the bobolink, have some one read to you Mr. Burroughs's story of this bird in "Bird Stories from Burroughs," or in "Birds and Poets." You will also enjoy Wilson Flagg's poem "The O'Lincoln Family" in "Birds and

Seasons in New England." Olive Thorne Miller has also written about the bobolink in "Little Brothers of the Air."

wedding coat: the black of the male bobolink is seen only in the spring, when he chooses his mate.
crest: the top or back of the head.
Quaker (Quāk′ẽr): a person who makes it part of his religion to dress very plainly.
braggart (brăg′gȧrt): a boaster.
knaves (*k*nāve*s*): mean or dishonest persons.
bestirs (be stĭr*s*′): rouses himself.
wanes (wān*e*s): grows smaller.
humdrum (hŭm′drŭm): dull.
crone (crōn*e*): a very old person.

(*For memorizing*)

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The bee buzz'd up in the heat:
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year;
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old:
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It 's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

THREE POEMS

John Banister Tabb

[Not many of our American poets have been able to say as much in a few words as Father Tabb. He was a true poet; he saw beauty in everything and God everywhere.

He was born in Amelia County, Virginia, some thirty miles from Richmond, in the spring of 1845. As a boy he was quiet, shy, and very fond of birds and flowers. He did not go to school, but was taught at home by private teachers. When he was only sixteen the Civil War broke out. He joined the Southern army and served on a blockade runner — a swift ship fitted to run through the line of gunboats along the coast and to get arms and provisions. But the ship was captured and he was put into prison. There he met and became a friend of Sidney Lanier, another famous Southern poet, of whom we shall read in a later book.

After the war he decided to be a teacher. He taught first in Baltimore and then in the West. At twenty-seven he went to St. Charles College in Maryland, where he studied for two years and then taught English and literature. At thirty-nine he was made a priest, but he continued teaching in the college almost until the time of his death, in 1909. During the last few years of his life he was blind, but this did not make him gloomy or discouraged. He remembered

all the beautiful things he had seen and loved — the birds, the meadows, the flowers, the clouds — and still wrote about them. With his friends he was bright and lovable and ready for a joke, but it was hard for him to meet strangers, unless they happened to be children. Children he always loved.

The "Fern Song" gives us a beautiful picture of a summer rain. The raindrops are falling upon a little fern. They beat upon it and make all the fronds quiver. It is almost as if the rain were beating time for the fern to dance. If you have ever watched the leaves trembling under the weight of the raindrops during a summer shower you will understand what the poet means. The fern seems to spread out her hands, or her fronds, to catch the drops, and as she does so she sings, "The sunshine has made this green dress of mine, but it could n't have been made without the help of the cloud and the dew and the rain."

"The Rain-Pool" is a poem of only four lines, but it means a great deal. The Rain-Pool says it is too small for the winds to harm, but it has on its surface the reflection of a star, and that makes it think that it is not too small for God to look upon.

"The Shadow" tells how in the morning, when the sun is low, your shadow stretches out as tall as a giant; at noon when the sun is over your head, there is almost no shadow at all; at sunset it grows tall again; and at night all the earth is in shadow.]

FERN SONG

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
  And say, "Tho' the sun
  Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
  But for the shade
  That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
  Then laugh and upturn
  All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

THE RAIN-POOL

I am too small for winds to mar
My surface; but I hold a star
That teaches me, though low my lot,
That highest heaven forgets me not.

THE SHADOW

At sunrise he 's a giant tall;
At noon he 's withered, lean, and small.
At sunset he regains his height,
And covers all the land at night.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write a story about the author of these verses. 2. What makes the fern dance? What are the "palms" of the fern, and why does she spread them out? 3. What, in your own words, does the fern say to the rain? 4. What is the vesture of the fern and how did the sun spin it? 5. What does the shade do for the fern? What other plants do you know that like shade part of the time? 6. What is the dew's gift to the fern and what does the rain do for her?

7. Tell in your own words what the Rain-Pool says. 8. What would the winds do to the Rain-Pool if it was as large as a lake? 9. If it is quiet at night and the sky is clear, what can you see in the surface of the Rain-Pool, and what does that teach?

10. Tell how a shadow changes its size and its direction at different times in the day. (Read Stevenson's poem, "My Shadow," in Book Three of the Literary Readers, and the first stanza of Trowbridge's poem, "Evening at the Farm," on page 73 of this book.)

Other poems of Father Tabb which you will enjoy are "The Tax Gatherer," "The Bluebird," "A Bunch of Roses," and "High and Low."

If you wish to read about ferns you will find something in Bergen's "Glimpses at the Plant World," "Brown's "The Plant Baby and its Friends," and Pratt's "Fairyland of Flowers."

palms (pälmz): the palms of the hands, meaning here the leaves of the fern.

vesture (vĕs′tūre): dress, clothing.

fronds (frŏndz): the leaves of a fern.

KITTYKIN AND THE PART SHE PLAYED IN THE WAR

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

[In Hanover County, Virginia, between two country roads which lead north from Richmond, there lay, in the days before the Civil War, a fine old-fashioned Southern plantation. It was shielded from one of the roads by a dense piece of woods, where the boys used to hunt squirrels and possums; and it was a long walk from the house down to the big gates, where the mail rider left the mail twice every week.

The house stood on the slope of a hill. It was a large old mansion with wings and porches all about it. Around the back yard were the smokehouse, the washhouse, the carpenter shop, and the big woodpile. Farther off were the "quarters" where the negroes lived, each family in a whitewashed cabin, with a chicken house and a little yard filled with fruit trees. Then there was the big barn, and the meadow beyond; and through the meadow ran the creek, where the boys used to fish and go swimming and make dams and have all sorts of fun.

On this plantation, in 1853, Thomas Nelson Page was born. He belonged to a rich old Virginia family, who had owned the place for a great many years. His parents

had slaves who had been in the family since the days of their grandfathers — slaves whom they treated kindly and who loved them in return.

Thomas was eight years old when the war broke out. His father was made an officer in the Confederate army and for a time was stationed not far from his home. Thomas visited him several times in camp and once saw a battle.

But at last the Northern army began to close in around Richmond, and the plantation was, for a time, right in the track of the war. Both armies helped themselves to whatever they wanted, and when the war was over there was almost nothing left. The family worked hard, however, and by the time Thomas was sixteen they were able to send him to college. He was a fairly good student, a great reader, and was made editor of the college paper.

After leaving college he taught for a time, then studied law, and was a successful lawyer in Richmond for nearly twenty years. While practicing law he also wrote stories of the South and of negro life and of the war. These were published in the magazines and later in books. He wrote a number of stories for young people: "Two Little Confederates," "Among the Camps," and several others; also books for older readers, the best-known of which are "In Ole Virginia," "On Newfound River," and "Red

Thomas Nelson Page

Rock." After giving up his law practice he moved to Washington, D.C. He is now the United States ambassador to Italy. This means that he lives in Italy and looks after the rights of the American people in that country.

The story of Kittykin is taken from Mr. Page's book "Among the Camps," and tells how a kitten prevented a battle and probably saved many lives. Kittykin and her little mistress Evelyn lived on a Southern plantation, somewhat like Mr. Page's. The two armies met here during the war, and a battle was about to be fought right on the spot. But Evelyn ran out to save Kittykin, and neither the Northern nor the Southern officer in command would give the order to fire while a little girl was standing between the two lines. They both came up to see what was the matter, and the result of it all was that they didn't fire at all.

You must not think from this story that the war was a sort of picnic party. It was a terrible thing. Thousands of brave men were killed on both sides, and thousands of mothers and wives and children at home who had lost their dear ones felt such grief and heartache as I hope you will never know. But the soldiers of both armies, or at least the greater part of them, fought not because they wanted to do so or because they were paid to do so, but because they thought it was their duty. So it often happened, where the two armies lay encamped together,

that the soldiers of the North and of the South did many kindly acts which showed that they were true men — acts which we would rather remember than their fighting. This story tells of one such act.]

I

Kittykin was about five months old when there was a great marching of soldiers backward and forward; the tents in the field beyond the woods were taken down and carried away in wagons, and there was an immense stir. The army was said to be "moving." There were rumors that the enemy was coming, and that there might be a battle near there. Evelyn was so young that she did not understand any more of it than Kittykin did; but her mother appeared so troubled that Evelyn knew it was very bad, and became frightened, though she did not know why. Her mammy soon gave her such a gloomy account, that Evelyn readily agreed with her that it was "like torment." As for Kittykin, if she had been born in a battle, she could not have been more unconcerned. In a day or two it was known that the main body of the army was some little way off on a long ridge, and that the enemy had taken up its position on another hill not far distant, and Evelyn's home was between them; but there was no battle. Each army began to intrench itself, and in a little while there was a long red bank

stretched across the far edge of the great field behind the house, which Evelyn was told was "breastworks" for the picket line; and she pointed them out to Kittykin, who blinked and yawned as if she did not care the least bit if they were.

Next morning a small squadron of cavalry came galloping by. A body of the enemy had been seen, and they were going to learn what it meant. In a little while they came back.

"The enemy," they said, "were advancing, and there would probably be a skirmish right there immediately."

As they rode by, they urged Evelyn's mamma either to leave the house at once or to go down into the basement, where they might be safe from the bullets. Then they galloped on across the field to get the rest of their men, who were in the trenches beyond. Before they reached there a lot of men appeared on the edge of the wood in front of the house. No one could tell how many they were; but the sun gleamed on their arms, and there was evidently a good force. At first they were on horseback; but there was a "Bop! bop!" from the trenches in the field behind the house, and they rode back and did not come out any more. Next morning, however, they too had dug a trench. These, Evelyn heard some one say, were a picket line. About eleven o'clock they came out

into the field, and they seemed to have spread themselves out behind a little rise or knoll in front of the house. Mammy's teeth were just chattering, and she went to moaning and saying her prayers as hard as she could, and Evelyn's mamma told her to take Evelyn down into the basement, and she would bring the baby; so mammy, who had been following mamma about, seized Evelyn and rushed with her downstairs, where, although they were quite safe, as the windows were only half above the ground, she fell on her face on the floor, praying as if her last hour had come. "Bop! bop!" went some muskets up behind the house. "Bang! bop! bang!" went some on the other side.

Evelyn suddenly remembered Kittykin. "Where was she?" The last time she had seen her was a half-hour before, when she had been lying curled up on the back steps fast asleep in the sun. Suppose she should be there now, she would certainly be killed, for the back steps ran right out into the yard so as to be just the place for Kittykin to be shot. So thought Evelyn. "Bang! bang!" went the guns again — somewhere. Evelyn dragged a chair up to a window and looked. Her heart almost stopped; for there, out in the yard, quite clear of the houses, was Kittykin, standing some way up the trunk of a tall locust tree, looking curiously around. Her little white body shone like a small patch of snow against the

dark brown bark. Evelyn sprang down from the chair and, forgetting everything, rushed through the entry and out of doors.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!" she called. "Kittykin, come here! You'll be killed! Come here, Kittykin!"

Kittykin, however, was in for a game, and as her little mistress, with her golden hair flying in the breeze, ran toward her, she rushed scampering still higher up the tree. Evelyn could see that there were some men scattered out in the fields on either side of her, some of them stooping and some lying down, and as she ran on toward the tree she heard a "Bang! bang!" on each side, and she saw little puffs of white smoke, and something went "Zoo-ee-ee" up in the air; but she did not think about herself, she was so frightened for Kittykin.

"Kitty, kitty! Come down, Kittykin!" she called, running up to the tree and holding up her arms to her. Kittykin might, perhaps, have liked to come down now, but she could no longer do so; she was too high up. She looked down, first over one shoulder and then over the other, but it was too high to jump. She could not turn around, and her head began to swim. She grew so dizzy she was afraid she might fall, so she dug her little sharp claws into the bark and began to cry.

Evelyn would have run back to tell her mamma (who, having sent the baby downstairs to mammy, was still busy

upstairs trying to hide some things, and so did not know she was out in the yard); but she was so afraid Kittykin might be killed that she could not let her get out of her sight. Indeed, she was so absorbed in Kittykin that she forgot all about everything else. She even forgot all about the soldiers. But though she did not notice the soldiers, it seemed that some of them had observed her. Just as the leader of the Confederate picket line was about to give an order to make a dash for the houses in the yard, to his horror he saw a little girl in a white dress and with flying hair suddenly run out into the clear space right between him and the soldiers on the other side, and stop under a tree just in the line of their fire. His heart jumped into his mouth as he sprang to his feet and waved his hands wildly to call attention to the child. Then, shouting to his men to stop firing, he walked out in front of the line and came at a rapid stride down the slope. The others all stood still and almost held their breaths for fear some one would shoot; but no one did. Evelyn was so busy trying to coax Kittykin down that she did not notice anything until she heard some one call out, "For heaven's sake, run into the house, quick!"

She looked around and saw the gentleman hurrying toward her. He appeared to be very much excited.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" he gasped, as he came running up to her.

He was a young man, with just a little light mustache, and with a little gold braid on the sleeves of his gray jacket; and though he seemed very much surprised, he looked very kind.

"I want my Kittykin," said Evelyn, answering him, and looking up the tree, with a little wave of her hand, towards where Kittykin still clung tightly. Somehow she felt at the moment that this gentleman could help her better than any one else.

Kittykin, however, apparently thought differently about it, for she suddenly stopped mewing, and as if she felt it unsafe to be so near a stranger, she climbed carefully up until she reached a limb, in the crotch of which she ensconced herself, and peeped curiously over at them with a look of great satisfaction in her face, as much as to say, "Now I'm safe. I'd like to see you get me."

The gentleman was stroking Evelyn's hair and was looking at her very intently, when a voice called to him from the other side, "Hello, Johnny! what's the matter?"

Evelyn looked around, and saw another gentleman coming toward them. He was older than the first one, and had on a blue coat, while the first had on a gray one. She knew one was a Confederate and the other was a Yankee, and for a second she was afraid they might shoot each other, but her first friend called out: "Her kitten is up the tree. Come ahead!"

He came on and looked for a second up at Kittykin, but he looked at Evelyn really hard, and suddenly stooped down and, putting his arm around her, drew her up to him. She got over her fear in a minute.

"Kittykin's up there, and I'm afraid she'll be kilt." She waved her hand up over her head, where Kittykin was taking occasion to put a few more limbs between herself and the enemy.

"It's rather a dangerous place when the boys are out hunting, eh, Johnny?" He laughed as he stood up again.

"Yes, for as big a fellow as you. You would n't stand the ghost of a show."

"I guess I'd feel small enough up there." And both men laughed.

II

By this time the men on both sides began to come up, with their guns over their arms.

"Hello! what's up?" some of them called out.

"Her kitten's up," said the first two; and, to make good their words, Kittykin, not liking so many people below her, shifted her position again and went up to a fresh limb, from which she again peeped over at them. The men all gathered around Evelyn and began to talk to her, and both she and Kittykin were surprised to hear them joking and laughing together in the friendliest way.

"What are you doing out here?" they asked; and to all she made the same reply, "I want my Kittykin."

Suddenly her mamma came out. She had just gone downstairs and had learned where Evelyn was. The two officers went up and spoke to her, but the men still crowded around Evelyn.

"She 'll come down," said one. "All you have to do is to let her alone."

"No, she won't. She can't come down. It makes her head swim," said Evelyn.

"That 's true," thought Kittykin up in the tree, and to let them understand it she gave a little "Mew."

. . . . . .

Evelyn's big brown eyes filled with tears. "I want my Kittykin," she said, her little lip trembling.

Instantly a dozen men unbuckled their belts, laid their guns on the ground, and pulled off their coats, each one trying to be the first to climb the tree. It was, however, too large for them to reach far enough around to get a good hold on it, so climbing was found to be far more difficult than it looked to be.

"Why don't you cut it down?" asked some one.

But Evelyn cried out that that would kill Kittykin, so the man who suggested it was called a fool by the others. At last it was proposed that one man should stand against the tree and another should climb up on his shoulders,

when he might get his arms far enough around it to work his way up. A stout fellow with a gray jacket on planted himself firmly against the trunk, and one who had taken off a blue jacket climbed up on his shoulders and might have got up very well if he had not remarked that as the Johnnies had walked over him in the last battle, it was but fair that he should now walk over a Johnny. This joke tickled the man under him so that he slipped away and let him down. At length, however, three or four men got good "holds" and went slowly up, one after the other, amid such encouraging shouts from their friends on the ground below as: "Go it, Yank, the Johnny's almost got you!" "Look out, Johnny, the Yanks are right behind you!" etc., whilst Kittykin gazed down in astonishment from above, and Evelyn looked up breathless from below. With much pulling and kicking, four men finally got up to the lowest limb, after which the climbing was comparatively easy. A new difficulty, however, presented itself. Kittykin suddenly took alarm and retreated still higher up among the branches.

The higher they climbed after that, the higher she climbed, until she was away up on one of the topmost boughs, which was far too slender for any one to follow her. There she turned and looked back with alternate alarm and satisfaction expressed in her countenance. If the men stirred, she stood ready to fly; if they kept still,

she settled down and mewed plaintively. Once or twice as they moved she took fright and looked almost as if about to jump.

Evelyn was breathless with excitement. "Don't let her jump," she called, "she will get kilt!"

The men, too, were anxious to prevent that. They called to her, held out their hands, and coaxed her in every tone by which a kitten is supposed to be influenced. But it was all in vain. No cajoleries, no promises, no threats, were of the least avail. Kittykin was there safe, out of their reach, and there she would remain, sixty feet above the ground. Suddenly she saw that something was occurring below. She saw the men all gather around her little mistress, and could hear her at first refuse to let something be done, and then consent. She could not make out what it was, though she strained her ears. She remembered to have heard mammy tell her little mistress once that "curiosity had killed a cat," and she was afraid to think too much about it so high up in the tree. Still, when she heard an order given, "Go back and get your blankets," and saw a whole lot of the men go running off into the field on either side and presently come back with their arms full of blankets, she could not help wondering what they were going to do. They at once began to unroll the blankets and hold them open all around the tree, until a large circle of the ground was quite hidden.

"Ah!" said Kittykin, "it's a wicked trap!" and she dug her little claws deep into the bark and made up her mind that nothing should induce her to jump. Presently she heard the soldiers in the tree under her call to those on the ground, "Are you ready?"

And they said, "All right!"

"Ah!" said Kittykin, "they cannot get down, either. Serves them right!"

But suddenly they all waved their arms at her and cried, "Scat!"

Goodness! the idea of crying "scat" at a kitten when she is up in a tree! — "scat," which fills a kitten's breast with terror! It was brutal, and then it was all so unexpected. It came very near making her fall. As it was, it set her heart to thumping and bumping against her ribs, like a marble in a box. "Ah!" she thought, "if those brutes below were but mice, and I had them on the carpet!" So she dug her claws into the bark, which was quite tender up there, and it was well she did, for she heard some one call something below that sounded like "shake!" and before she knew it the man nearest her reached up, and, seizing the limb on which she was, screwed up his face and — goodness! it nearly shook the teeth out of her mouth and the eyes out of her head.

Shake! shake! shake! it came again, each time nearly tearing her little claws out of their sockets and scaring her

to death. She saw the ground swim far below her, and felt that she would be mashed to death. Shake! shake! shake! shake! She could not hold out much longer, and she spat down at them. How those brutes below laughed! She formed a desperate resolve. She would get even with them. "Ah, if they were but—" Shake! sha— With a fierce spit, partly of rage, partly of fear, Kittykin let go, whirled suddenly, and flung herself on the upturned face of the man next beneath her, from him to the man below him, and finally, digging her little claws deep in his flesh, sprang with a wild leap clear of the boughs and shot whizzing out into the air, whilst the two men, thrown off their guard by the suddenness of the attack, loosed their hold and went crashing down into the forks upon those below.

The first thing Evelyn and the men on the ground knew was the crash of the falling men and the sight of Kittykin coming whizzing down, her little claws clutching wildly at the air. Before they could see what she was, she gave a bounce like a trap-ball, as high as a man's head, and then, as she touched the ground again, shot like a wild sky-rocket hissing across the yard, and, with her tail all crooked to one side and as big as her body, vanished under the house. Oh, such a shout as there was from the soldiers! Evelyn heard them yelling as she ran off after Kittykin to see if she was n't dead. They fairly howled with delight as the men in the tree, with scratched faces and torn

clothes, came crawling down. They looked very sheepish as they landed among their comrades; but the question whether Kittykin had landed in a blanket or had hit the solid ground fifty feet out somewhat relieved them. They all agreed that she had bounced twenty feet. . . .

Ever afterward when she saw a soldier she would run for life and hide as far back under the house as she could get, with her eyes shining like two little live coals. For some time, indeed, she lived in perpetual terror, for the soldiers of both lines used to come up to the house, as the friendship they formed that day never was changed, and though they remained on the two opposite hills for quite a while, they never fired a shot at each other. They used instead to meet and exchange tobacco and coffee, and laugh over the way Kittykin routed their joint forces in the tree the day of the skirmish.

As for Kittykin, she never put on any airs about it. She did not care for that sort of glory. She never afterward could tolerate a tree; the earth was good enough for her; and the highest she ever climbed was up into her little mistress's lap.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell all you can about the plantation where Mr. Page lived when he was a boy. 2. What is a slave? Tell how the slaves on this plantation felt toward their master. Tell anything else

that you know about slaves in the South before the war. 3. How old was Mr. Page when the war broke out; how much of it did he see; and what effect did the war have on the Page family? 4. Tell what you can about Mr. Page's life after he grew up. 5. Name all of his stories that you can remember, and if you have read some of them, tell which you like best. (Questions 1, 3, 4, and 5 may be answered together by writing a story about Mr. Page.)

6. Who was Kittykin; who was Evelyn; and who was "mammy"? 7. Explain how the lines of the two armies were placed and tell what they were doing. 8. What is meant by "intrench," and what are "breastworks"? 9. What tells you the color of the soil on this plantation? 10. What is a picket?

11. What is a squadron of cavalry? Was the squadron mentioned on page 164 Confederate or Union? 12. Why was Evelyn in the basement; why were the men in the field stooping and lying down; and what was it that went "Zoo-ee-ee" up in the air? 13. Which army wore gray and which wore blue?

14. Tell the story in as few words as you can, yet do not leave out any important thing. 15. What effect did the rescue of Kittykin have on the fighting at this particular place? 16. What do you think of Evelyn and her treatment of Kittykin? 17. Was it Evelyn or the kitten that made the soldiers feel friendly to each other?

Other good short stories by Mr. Page which you will enjoy reading are "Nancy Pansy," "A Captured Santa Claus," and "Jack and Jake," from "Among the Camps"; also the longer stories, "Two Little Confederates," "Santa Claus's Partner," and "Two Prisoners."

Other good stories of cats are Helen Hunt Jackson's "Cat Stories" and "Letters from a Cat," Craik's "So-fat and Mew-mew," and stories in Smith's "Four-Footed Friends," Eddy's "Friends and Helpers," and Pyle's "Stories of Humble Friends."

mail rider (māil′ rīd ẽr) : a Southern name for a postman on horseback.

quarters (kwôr′tẽrs) : a place for lodging or living.

ambassador (ăm băs′sà dor) : a high officer sent by one nation to another, to look after the affairs of the nation which sends him.

mammy (măm′mỹ) : a negro nurse.

readily (rẽad′ĭ lỹ) : easily.

torment (tôr′mẽnt) : pain or suffering.

unconcerned (ŭn cŏn çẽrned′) : without care.

intrench (ĭn trẽnch′) : to dig a ditch and throw up the earth behind it like a fort.

breastworks (brẽast′wȯrks) : the ridge of earth thrown up in making intrenchments — usually about breast-high; also called earthworks.

picket (pĭck′ĕt) : a soldier on the outskirts of an army or camp to guard against surprise by the enemy.

squadron (squạd′rȯn) : a small body of soldiers.

cavalry (căv′ăl rỹ) : soldiers who fight on horseback.

skirmish (skĭr′mĭsh) : a little battle, or a fight in which only part of the army is engaged.

trench (trẽnch) : a ditch and earthworks. See *intrench*, above.

musket (mŭs′kĕt) : an old-fashioned sort of gun.

zoo-ee-ee (zo͞o-ē̆-ē̆) : the whistling sound made by a bullet through the air.

absorbed (ăb sôrbed′) : deeply interested.

observed (ŏb ẓẽrved′) : noticed.

ensconced (ĕn scŏnçed′) : settled comfortably or snugly.

intently (ĭn tĕnt′lỹ) : earnestly.

Johnny (Jŏhn′nỹ) : a name given to the Confederates by Northerners.

Yankee (Yăn′kee) : a name given to the Northern people by those of the South.

alternate (ăl tẽr′nate) : by turns.

countenance (coun′te nănçe) : face.

plaintively (plān′tĭve lỹ) : sadly or mournfully.

influenced (ĭn′flu ẽnced) : persuaded.

cajoleries (cȧ jōl′ẽr ĭeẓ) : coaxings.

avail (ȧ vāil′) : use.

induce (ĭn dūçe′) : persuade or influence.

desperate (dĕs′pẽr āte) : rash or very dangerous.

trap-ball (trăp′-ball) : a ball thrown into the air by a machine called a trap.

perpetual (pẽr pĕt′ū ăl) : all the time.

routed (rout′ĕd) : defeated.

joint : together.

tolerate (tŏl′ẽr āte) : endure or allow.

Evelyn (Ĕv′ĕ lỹn).

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[When we think of Longfellow we often think of another poet who also lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and who taught the same classes in Harvard University that Longfellow had taught before him. The two men were good neighbors and firm friends. I think I can see you trying to tell me that this second poet was Lowell. You are right.

James Russell Lowell was born on Washington's Birthday in the year 1819, in a fine old house in Cambridge which was called Elmwood because of the great elm trees that stood about it. He was a bright, good-natured boy, full of fun, and never so happy as when he was out in the woods or beside the river or in the meadows among the long grass and wild flowers. What the boy liked next best to being out of doors was to get a book and curl up in a chair in the corner of his father's library, for his father was a minister and had a room full of good books. There he would find some good old story like "The Pilgrim's Progress" or "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," and he would become so interested in it that he would sometimes forget his supper until his mother came and found him. Every spring the side of the road in front of the house was yellow with dandelions, and he greatly loved

them. He says in one of his poems that whenever he sees a dandelion he thinks of the old home where there were so many of them, and he imagines he can see again the river sparkling in the sun, the cows grazing in the meadow, and the shadows on the grass, or that he can hear once more the robin singing in the dark old tree beside the door.[1] In another poem he says that often, after school, he used to go to see the "village blacksmith" whom Longfellow wrote about, and that the blacksmith would sometimes let him blow the bellows.[2] This, you may be sure, was great fun.

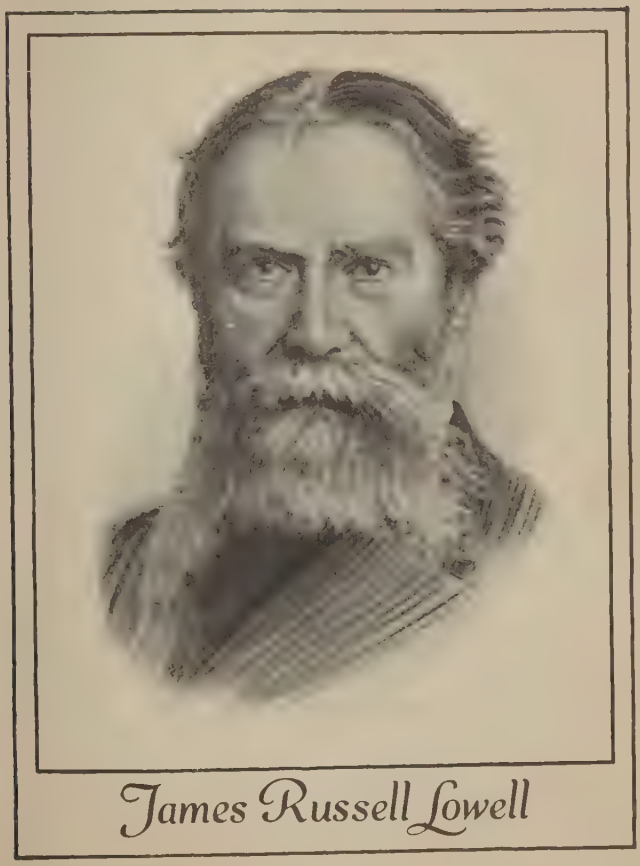
The first school to which James went was a private school kept by one of the neighbors. When he was about nine he was sent to a larger school and had to study French and Latin. The schoolmaster was very cross and kept a rattan stick in his desk to whip the boys. At this time James wrote two letters to his brother which have been saved all these years. In them he tells about this rattan stick and about the hut that he and his brother had built, and how he and the colt and the dog went to town; and he says that the kitten is as well and as playful as ever, and that he, James, is going to have a new suit, and that his mother says he may have any sort of buttons on it that he wishes. It is just such a letter as any boy of nine would write, and it is n't spelled very well, either. But he learned to spell by keeping at it.

[1] In "The Dandelion." [2] In "An Indian Summer Reverie."

In the winter James loved to skate, and many a morning he could be seen, as soon as it was light, skimming over the ice upon the river or on Fresh Pond, which was only a short walk from his home. He tells us how on the first winter days he could hardly wait for the ice to get thick enough to bear him, and he would spend the evening, until bedtime, beside the fire, putting on and taking off his new skates *twenty times* and trying each buckle and strap to see if it was all right. He was a strong, manly boy and liked all kinds of out-of-door sports. All his life he was fond of taking long tramps over the snow in winter, especially on winter nights when the moon was up and everything was clear and crisp and cold.

Lowell entered college when he was only fifteen. After he graduated he studied law, but he did not like it. It seemed to him that he was born to write, and that he *must* write. He married a very talented and lovely young woman, and they had four children whom they greatly loved. Mr. Lowell was almost heartbroken when three of them died; and then Mrs. Lowell died, too. That was a sad time for him. The first of the children to leave them was Blanche, the one spoken of in "The First Snowfall," a poem which you ought to know.

A little more than a year after Mrs. Lowell's death Mr. Lowell was chosen to take Mr. Longfellow's place at Harvard. Soon afterwards he was also made editor of



James Russell Lowell

the *Atlantic Monthly*. During all this time he spent his spare moments writing poems, which were published in magazines and in books. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Biglow Papers" were among the most famous of them.

When he was about fifty-eight the United States government sent him to Spain, and three years later to England, as our ambassador. He lived in Spain three years and in England five years and made a great many friends both for himself and for our country. Then he came back to his old home in Cambridge, where he died in 1891.

Besides his poems he wrote many essays and speeches. He was a good speaker, a fine scholar, and a noble man.

In this poem, "The Fountain," Lowell describes how the water, leaping up into the air and falling back again into its basin of stone, seems to him to be glad in all kinds of weather. He thinks it is always trying to go as high as it can and yet is always happy whether or not it goes as high as it wishes. You can almost feel the dashing of the water as you read some of these verses.]

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who wrote this poem? 2. When was he born? 3. What was the name given to his home and why was it so called? 4. What can you tell about Lowell's boyhood? 5. What did he do after leaving college? 6. Where did he teach? 7. What other well-known poet had taught the same classes before Lowell? 8. Where did this other poet live? 9. Name two of the most famous of Lowell's poems. 10. Where did the United States government send Lowell? 11. Write a story about Lowell, answering these first ten questions and telling anything else that you know about him.

12. What is a fountain? 13. Each of the first three stanzas gives a different picture of the fountain. Is the first picture in the daytime or at night? the second? the third? What is the difference between the second and the third pictures? 14. What makes the spray of a fountain seem sometimes to wave like a flower?

15. If the fountain could feel, what kind of feeling would its actions seem to show? 16. What does the fountain do that a happy child would do? 17. Tell all the words you can find in the poem that mean glad or that show gladness. 18. What does "climbing heavenward" mean? 19. "Still seeming best" means that whatever the weather is, it still seems to the fountain to be the best kind of weather. When a person feels that way, what do you say of him?

20. In the fifth stanza it is said that motion is rest to the fountain. Think whether you ever find it easier to be doing something than to sit still; then tell what you think this line means. 21. In the sixth stanza the fountain is said to be changed every moment and yet always the same. This means that the water in it is changing all the time, but it always looks the same. Tell about some fountain that you have seen and how it looks.

22. What does "Ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content" mean? (See the explanation just before the poem.) 23. "Darkness or sunshine thy element" means that the fountain is just as much at home and just as happy in the darkness as in the sunshine. What lesson is there in this for us? 24. *Memorize the poem.*

Another poem of Mr. Lowell's which you can read is "The First Snowfall." Most of his poems are a little harder to read and to understand than the poems of Mr. Longfellow.

blithesome (blīthe′sŏme): gay.
ceaseless (cēase′lĕss): never stopping.
aspiring (ăs pīr′ĭng): rising, or trying to go higher.
content (cŏn tĕnt′): satisfaction or happiness.
element (ĕl′e mĕnt): here means natural home or dwelling place.

PART V. STORIES OF LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

MONI THE GOAT BOY

JOHANNA SPYRI

[If you will take a geography and turn to the map of Europe, you will find in the north of Switzerland, not very far from Bern and within about fifteen miles of the border of Germany, the city of Zurich. It lies among the mountains, at the lower end of beautiful Lake Zurich, one of the loveliest of the lakes in all that region. Here lived for many years Johanna Spyri, and here she wrote, in the German language, those stories which have been the delight of all Swiss and German children, and which, translated into many other languages, have been read by many other boys and girls the world over. Her name as a girl was Johanna Heusser, and she was born, in 1829, a few miles from Zurich in a little Swiss mountain village which looked down upon the lake. Her father was a doctor and her mother was a poet. There were many brothers and sisters, and all lived happily together in a simple but beautiful home where scholars and writers often came to

visit. So the young girl grew up loving books and educated people, but loving more than all else the free life of the mountains, the clear blue sky, and the tinkle of the goat bells in the morning air as the goat boys drove their flocks up to the high pastures. She never forgot these things and her books are full of them.

When she was twenty-three she married Bernhard Spyri, a young man who had been her schoolmate. He became a lawyer and was the town clerk of Zurich, where they lived for more than thirty years. She did not try to write stories until she was more than forty years old, but after that time she wrote many. Probably the one which is best known to American children is "Heidi," the story of a little Swiss girl. Others of her stories are "Moni the Goat Boy," "Without a Friend," "The Little Runaway," and "Heimatlos."

This story is from "Moni the Goat Boy." The mountains where Moni kept his goats were a part of the Alps on the eastern side of Switzerland.]

Red morning clouds still hung in the sky, and a fresh mountain breeze was rustling about Moni's ears as he climbed up the mountain. It was just what he liked. He stopped on the first peak, and in his happiness yodeled forth so lustily into the valley that many a sleeper in the hotel opened his eyes in surprise, but quickly closed them

again when he recognized the voice; for he then knew that he might have another hour's nap, as the goat boy always came very early. Meanwhile Moni continued climbing for an hour, higher and higher, up to the rocky ledges.

The view grew wider and more beautiful the higher he climbed. Sometimes he would stop to look about him, across at the mountains and up to the bright sky, that was growing bluer and bluer, and then he would sing out in a strong, happy voice:

"Up 'mid the pine trees
The birds join in song.
Though rain clouds may darken,
The sun 's out ere long."

Now he had reached the spot where he usually stayed and where he meant to rest for a while to-day. It was a little green plateau standing out from the mountain side, so that one might look out from it in all directions and far down into the valley. This projection was called the Pulpit. Here Moni would often sit for hours, looking out over the surrounding country and whistling to himself, while his goats were contentedly gathering herbs.

As soon as Moni had reached this spot he unstrapped his lunch box from his back, laid it in a little hollow which he had dug for it in the earth, and then went out on the Pulpit, where he stretched out on the ground and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of the hour. The

sky was now dark blue; on the opposite mountains ice fields and sharp peaks had come to view; and far below, the green valley lay sparkling in the morning light. Moni lay there, looking about him, singing and whistling. The wind cooled his hot face, and when his own notes ceased for a moment the birds overhead whistled all the more merrily as they mounted into the blue sky. Moni felt very happy. Now and then little Meggy would come to him and rub her head against his shoulder in her affectionate way, bleat tenderly, and then go to the other side and rub against his other shoulder. The old ones too would come up now and then and show their friendship in their own particular fashion.

Brownie, his own goat, had a way of coming up to him quite anxiously and looking him over very carefully to see whether he was all right. She would stand before him, waiting, until he said: "Yes, yes, Brownie; it 's all right. Go back to your grazing now." Swallow, the slender, lively little creature that darted to and fro like a swallow in and out of its nest, always came up with the young white one. The two would charge down upon Moni with a force that would have overthrown him had he not already been stretched flat on the ground. After a brief visit they would dart off again as quickly as they had come.

The shiny black one, little Meggy's mother, who belonged to the hotel, was rather proud. She would stand

off several feet from the boy, look at him with a lofty air, as if afraid of seeming too familiar, and then pass on her way. Sultan, the big leader of the flock, in the one daily visit that he paid would rudely push aside any other goat that might be near, give several earnest bleats — probably meant for reports on the condition of his family — and then turn away.

Little Meggy alone refused to be pushed away from her protector. When Sultan came and tried to thrust her aside, she would slip down as far as she could under Moni's arm, and thus protected she had no fear of the big buck, who was otherwise so terrible to her.

Thus the sunshiny morning passed. Moni had finished his noon lunch and was leaning thoughtfully on the long cane which he always kept at hand for difficult places. He was thinking about a new way to go up the mountain, for he meant to go higher with the goats this afternoon. The question was, which side should he take, right or left? He chose the left, for there he would come to the three Dragon Rocks, about which grew the tenderest, most delicious plants.

The path was steep and there were dangerous places along the side, but he knew a good road, and the goats were sensible creatures and would not easily run astray. He started, and the goats ran merrily along, now before him, now behind. Little Meggy was always very close to

him; sometimes he picked her up and carried her over the worst places. But all went well and they reached the desired spot safely. The goats made a rush for the green bushes, remembering the juicy shoots they had enjoyed there before.

"Gently, gently!" Moni warned them. "Don't butt one another along the steep places. You might easily slide off and have your legs broken. Swallow, Swallow, what are you about?" he called out excitedly to the cliff above. The nimble goat had scrambled over the high Dragon Rock and was now standing on the outer edge of the cliff, looking down saucily upon him. He hastily scrambled up the cliff, meanwhile keeping an anxious eye upon the goat, for a single misstep would have landed her in the abyss below. Moni was quick. In a few moments he had climbed the rock and, with a swift movement, had grasped Swallow by the leg. "Come with me, you foolish little thing," he said, as he drew her down to where the others were feeding. He held her for a while, until she began to nibble at a tender shrub and had no more thoughts of running away.

Suddenly Moni cried out, "Where is little Meggy?" He saw the black mother standing alone by a steep wall; she was not eating, but was looking all about her and pointing her ears in a strange manner. The little kid was always either beside Moni or running after its mother.

"Where is your little one, Blackie?" he said, standing close beside her and looking up and down. Then he heard a faint, wailing bleat. It was Meggy's voice and came from far below, sad, entreating. Moni got down on the ground and leaned forward. Below him something seemed to be moving; now he saw it plainly — it was Meggy hanging in the branches of a tree that grew out of the rocks. She was wailing pitifully.

Luckily the branch had caught her, else she would have fallen into the abyss and been dashed to death. If she should even now lose her hold, she must plunge instantly into the depths below. In terror he called to her: "Hold fast, Meggy! hold fast to the tree! I'm coming down to get you."

But how was he to get there? The rocks were so steep at this point that he could not possibly get down. But he thought that he must be somewhere near the Rain Rock, that overhanging cliff under which the goat boys had for years found shelter. From there, thought Moni, he might climb across the rocks and so get back with the kid. He quickly called the goats together and took them to the entrance of the Rain Rock. There he left them to graze and went out toward the cliff. Some distance above him he saw the tree with Meggy clinging to it.

He saw that it would be no easy matter to climb up the cliff and then down again with Meggy on his back, but

"YOU CANNOT WALK TO-DAY; I MUST CARRY YOU"

there was no other way of rescuing her. And then, too, he felt sure the dear God would help him, so that he could not fall. He folded his hands and prayed, "Dear God, please help me to save little Meggy."

Then he felt confident that all would go well, and he climbed bravely up the cliff until he reached the tree. Here he held himself tight with both feet, lifted the trembling little creature to his shoulders, and then worked his way down very carefully. When they had the solid ground once more underfoot and he saw that the frightened little goat was safe, he felt so glad that he had to speak his thanks aloud, and he said: "Dear God, I thank you a thousand, thousand times for helping us back safely. We are both so very, very glad." Then he sat down on the ground for a while to pat and quiet the little creature that was still trembling in every limb.

When it was time, soon afterward, for breaking up, Moni again lifted the little goat to his shoulders, saying anxiously, "Come, my poor little Meggy; you are still trembling; you cannot walk to-day; I must carry you." And so he carried her, cuddled close in his arm, all the way home.

Translated by Edith F. Kunz

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where is Zurich? 2. Where did Moni the Goat Boy live? 3. Tell, in your own words, what you know about the author of this story.

4. Why were the clouds red when Moni climbed the mountain? 5. What is it to "yodel," and how could the people of the hotel tell the time from Moni's yodeling? 6. Why do you suppose Moni took his goats up on the mountains to graze instead of down into the valley, where the grass was longer and better? (Could the grass in the valleys be cut for hay? Could the patches of grass on the rocks be cut?)

7. What is a plateau? 8. Why were there ice fields on the mountains and green grass in the valley? 9. Tell this story in your own words. It will be interesting to write it out and illustrate it with pictures cut from old magazines.

Other short stories of this author which you can read are "Without a Friend," "The Little Runaway," and the two stories in "Heimatlos." "Heidi" is a longer story.

Other good stories of Swiss life are "Donkey John of the Toy Valley," by Margaret W. Morley, and "The Little Mountain Maiden," in Jane Andrews's "Seven Little Sisters."

yodeled (yō′dĕl*ed*): sang in a broken warbling sort of voice, often used by the Swiss mountainers.
lustily (lŭst′ĭ lĭ): sturdily, strongly.
plateau (plȧ tō′): a high plain.
projection (prō jĕc′shŏn): a part that stands out from the rest.
herbs (*h*ĕrbs): small plants.
lofty (lŏft′ĭ): high or proud.
familiar (fȧ mĭl′yȧr): very friendly.
buck (bŭck): a male goat or deer.
abyss (ȧ bĭss′): a very deep place.
entreating (ĕn trē*at*′ĭng): asking very earnestly.
Moni (Mōn′ĭ).
Heusser (Hois′sĕr).
Johanna Spyri (Yō hän′nȧ Spē′rĭ).
Heidi (Hī′dĭ).
Zurich (Zu′rĭ*ch*).
Heimatlos (Hī′mȧt lōs).

FROM THE APENNINES TO THE ANDES

EDMONDO DE AMICIS

[One of the best known of recent Italian writers is Edmondo de Amicis. He was born in 1846 at a town on the coast of Italy not far from Genoa. As a boy he longed to be a soldier, so his family sent him to a military academy to study. When he had finished his work at the academy he was made a lieutenant and served for some years in the Italian army. He was also the editor of a military paper in Florence and wrote many short stories of army life which made him famous. Then he gave up his position in the army and began to write books. He took several long sea voyages and described the things which he saw. The best known of all his books is one which he wrote for schoolboys and which he called "Cuore," or "Heart." That means all the brave, kind, and noble acts that spring from the heart.

The book tells what happened during one year of the life of an Italian schoolboy. It tells about the new schoolmaster; about the boy who had his foot crushed in saving the life of a little child; about the boy who was willing to be punished for a thing he did not do, because he wanted to shield a comrade.

Once every month the master used to tell the boys a story. The story which follows is one of these.]

I

Many years ago a Genoese lad of thirteen, the son of a workingman, went from Genoa to South America, all alone, to seek his mother. She had gone two years before to Buenos Aires, the chief city of Argentina, thinking that she could soon earn enough to get her family out of debt and to make them comfortable. The poor mother had wept bitterly at parting from her children — one was eighteen, the other eleven — but she had set out full of courage and hope.

The voyage was pleasant. When she arrived in Buenos Aires she went to a Genoese cousin of hers who was a shopkeeper in that city. The cousin found a place for her in an Argentine family, where she received good wages and was treated well. For a time she wrote to her family at home and received letters from them. It was arranged that the husband should send his letters to the cousin, and the cousin should give them to the woman; then she would give her answer to the cousin, and the cousin would send it to the husband, in Genoa, adding a few lines himself. As she was earning eighty lire a month and spending nothing, she sent home a good sum of money, with which her husband, who was a man of honor, was able to pay off some of their debts.

A year had passed, and since receiving a short letter in which she said she was not very well, they had heard nothing. They wrote twice to the cousin. The cousin did

not reply. They wrote to the Argentine family where the woman worked, but the letter never reached there, for they had misspelled the name.

The father and the two sons were in despair. What was to be done? The father's first thought was to go himself to look for her. But who would support the two sons and pay the debts? The elder son could not go, because he had just begun to earn a little and he was also necessary to the family. In this state of affairs Marco, the younger, said one evening very firmly, "I am going to America to look for Mother."

The father shook his head. It was a loving thought, but the thing was impossible. To make a journey to America, alone, at the age of thirteen! It would take a month! But the boy insisted. He was patient and quiet about it and reasoned with the good sense of a man.

At last the captain of a steamer, who knew the family, heard Marco's plan and said he would get the boy a free third-class passage to Argentina.

So the father gave his consent. They filled a bag with clothes for Marco, put a little money into his pocket, and gave him the address of the cousin. Then one fine evening in April they saw him on board the steamer.

"Marco, my boy," said his father, as he gave him a last kiss, with tears in his eyes, "be brave. You have set out to do a noble deed, and God will help you."

Poor Marco! His heart was strong and he was prepared for the hardest trials, but when he saw his beautiful Genoa fade away in the distance and found himself alone on the open sea, on that great steamer crowded with emigrants, with all his fortune in that little bag, he felt almost discouraged. Yet, after passing the Strait of Gibraltar, at the first sight of the Atlantic Ocean he grew more brave.

There were days of bad weather, when he stayed in the cabin, and when everything was rolling and crashing, and he thought that his last hour had come. There were other days when the sea was calm and yellowish, when there was great heat, and the hours were long and tiresome.

He had become acquainted with a good old man, a Lombard, who was going to America to find his son. Marco had told the old man his story, and the old man patted him on the head, saying, "Courage, my lad! You will find your mother well and happy." This helped him.

The twenty-seventh day after leaving Genoa they arrived at Buenos Aires. It was a beautiful, rosy May morning when the steamer cast anchor in the great river Plata. Marco was beside himself with joy and impatience. His mother was only a few miles away! In a few hours he would see her! He felt in his pockets and found that half of his little treasure had been stolen from him, but even this did not trouble him. What did it matter when

he was so near his mother? With his bag in his hand he went down, among many other Italians, into a tugboat which carried him nearer the shore, and then into a smaller boat which landed him on the wharf.

On reaching the entrance of the first street, he stopped a man who was passing by and asked the way to Los Artes street. The man, who happened to be an Italian workingman, said, pointing up the street, "Keep straight on, reading the names of all the streets on the corners. You will find at last the one you want."

The boy thanked him and turned into the street which opened before him. It was a straight, narrow street. Low, white houses were on each side of it. There were people and carriages and carts which made a great noise. At every little distance, on the right and left, he saw cross streets, which ran straight away as far as he could see. These were also bordered by low, white houses, and were filled with people and carts. The city seemed to have no end. It seemed that he might wander for days or weeks, seeing other streets like these, and that all America must be covered with them.

At last he reached a cross street on which he read the name Los Artes. His cousin's shop was number 175. He hurried. He ran. He found the shop. He saw in the door a woman with spectacles and gray hair.

"What do you want, boy?" she asked.

"Is not this," said the boy, "the shop of Francesco Merelli?"

"Francesco Merelli is dead," replied the woman.

The boy felt as though he had received a blow.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"Quite a while ago," replied the woman. "Months ago. The shop is now mine."

The boy turned pale. Then he said quickly: "Signor Merelli knew my mother. My mother is doing housework for Signor Mequinez. I have come to America to find her. I *must* find her. Signor Merelli sent her our letters."

"Poor boy!" said the woman. "I don't know. I can ask the boy in the courtyard. He knew the young man who did Merelli's errands."

She went to the back of the shop and called the lad. "Tell me," she asked, "do you remember whether Merelli's young man went sometimes to carry letters to a woman who did housework for some family here?"

"Signor Mequinez," replied the lad. "Yes, signora, sometimes he did. They lived at the end of the street of Los Artes."

"Ah! thanks!" cried Marco. "Tell me the number. Do you know it?"

He said this with so much warmth that the boy replied, "Come, I will go with you."

II

They went almost at a run to the end of the very long street and stopped in front of a handsome iron gate, through which they could see a small yard filled with flowers. Marco gave a tug at the bell. A young lady made her appearance.

"The Mequinez family live here, do they not?" asked the lad.

"They *did* live here," replied the young lady, "but now we live here."

"And where have the Mequinez family gone?" asked Marco, his heart beating fast.

"They have gone to Cordoba."

"Cordoba!" cried Marco. "And where is Cordoba? The woman who worked for them as a housemaid was my mother. Have they taken her away, too?"

The young lady looked at him and said: "I do not know. Perhaps my father may know. Wait a moment."

She ran away and soon returned with her father, a tall gentleman with a gray beard. He looked earnestly for a minute at the little Genoese traveler and asked in broken Italian, "Is your mother a Genoese?" Marco replied that she was.

"Well, they had a Genoese maid, who went with them. That I know."

"I will go to Cordoba," said Marco.

"Oh!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Cordoba is hundreds of miles from here." Marco turned pale at these words and clung with one hand to the railing.

"Let us see," said the gentleman, opening the door. "Come inside a moment. Let us see if anything can be done." He sat down, gave the boy a seat, and made him tell his story. Then he said, "You have no money, have you?"

"I still have — a little," answered Marco.

The gentleman seated himself at a desk, wrote a letter, sealed it, and, handing it to the boy, said: "Go and find the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed. It is not far, and you can find the way. He will send you to-morrow to the city of Rosario and will give you a letter to some one there who will think out a way of helping you on your journey to Cordoba. Meanwhile, take this," and he placed in his hand a few lire. "Be brave. You will find fellow countrymen of yours on all sides. Good-by."

"Thank you," said the boy, without finding any other words. Then he went out.

Toward evening of the next day he found himself on the deck of a large sailing vessel, loaded with fruit, which was going to Rosario, and which was managed by three strong Genoese, whose talk put courage into his heart.

The voyage was up the wonderful river Paraná and lasted three days and four nights. The vessel threaded

its way among long islands covered with orange trees and willows. Now they passed through narrow canals, now on what seemed like great quiet lakes, then among islands again in the midst of great masses of vegetation.

Twice a day Marco ate a little bread and salted meat with the boatmen. At night he slept on deck and woke now and then with a start, finding everything very bright in the clear light of the moon, which silvered the gray water and the distant shores. He thought, "My mother passed these spots; she saw these islands, these shores," and then the place seemed no longer strange and lonely.

At night one of the boatmen sang. It was a song which his mother used to sing as she lulled him to sleep. He began to cry. The boatman stopped and said: "Cheer up, cheer up, my boy! A Genoese crying because he is far from home! The Genoese go round the world!"

At these words Marco shook himself, raised his head proudly, and struck his fist upon the rudder.

"Yes," he said, "and if I have to travel years and years, all over the world, I will go until I find my mother!"

He arrived at daybreak, on a cool, bright morning, in Rosario, which lies on the high bank of the Paraná, where the flags and masts of a hundred vessels from every land were reflected in the river.

Here, too, were the straight endless streets, bordered with low, white houses, and crossed in all directions, above

the roofs, by great bundles of telegraph and telephone wires, which looked like huge spiders' webs. He almost thought he had got back to Buenos Aires.

After wandering about for nearly an hour, he found the house of the gentleman to whom he had been sent. He pulled the bell. A big, light-haired, gruff man, looking like a steward, came to the door and asked, "What do you want?"

The boy spoke the gentleman's name.

"He has gone away," replied the light-haired man. "He set out yesterday for Buenos Aires with his whole family."

Marco could not say a word. After a while he stammered: "I have no friends here. I am alone." And he showed the card which had been given to him. The man took it, read it, and said: "I don't know what to do for you. I will hand it to my master when he comes back next month."

"But I — I am alone! I am in need!" exclaimed the lad.

"Come now!" said the light-haired man. "There are a plenty of your sort in Rosario. Be off and do your begging in Italy!" And he slammed the door in Marco's face.

The boy stood there for a time, as if he had been turned to stone. Then he picked up his bag again slowly and went on. What was to be done? Where was he to go? From Rosario to Cordoba was a day's journey by rail. He

had only a few lire left. Flinging his bag on the sidewalk, he sat down with his back against the wall and put his head between his hands.

People jostled him as they passed; wagons filled the road with noise; several boys stopped to look at him. At length he was startled by hearing a voice say in Italian, with a Lombard accent, "What is the matter, my boy?"

He raised his face. It was the old Lombard whom he had met during the voyage. Marco told him what had happened and said at the end: "Now I have not a soldo left. I must find work. I will do anything. I will carry rubbish; I will sweep the streets; I will run errands or work in the country. I am willing to live on black bread — anything, so I may find my mother once more."

"Well, well," said the old man, looking about and scratching his chin, "let us think it over."

They walked on, and soon halted at the door of an inn which had for its sign a star, and beneath it the words, "The Star of Italy." They entered a large room where there were many men.

"Comrades," said the Lombard, "here is a poor lad, a fellow countryman of ours, who has come alone from Genoa to Buenos Aires to seek his mother. At Buenos Aires they tell him she is in Cordoba. He comes in a vessel to Rosario with a card of introduction. He shows the card; they make an ugly face at him. He has not

a soldo to his name. Can't we find enough to pay for his ticket to Cordoba? Shall we leave him here like a dog?"

"Never in the world!" they shouted at once, hammering on the table with their fists. "A fellow countryman of ours! Out with your money, comrades! We'll send you to your mother, little fellow. Never fear!"

One pinched his cheek; another slapped him on the shoulder; others rose and gathered about him. In less than ten minutes the old Lombard, who was passing round a hat, had collected forty-two lire.

"Do you see," he then said, turning to the boy, "how fast things are done in America?"

III

At daybreak on the following morning Marco took the train for Cordoba, filled with happiness and courage. But the weather was close and dull. The train, which was nearly empty, ran through a great plain that showed no sign of life. Marco dozed for half an hour, then looked out again. It was just the same. It seemed to him that he was alone in a lost train in the middle of a desert. After several hours he began to suffer from cold. When he left Genoa, toward the end of April, he had forgotten that he should find winter in South America, and he was dressed for summer.

He fell asleep and slept a long time. Then he awoke. He saw at the end of the car three bearded men, wrapped in shawls. Seeing that his teeth were chattering with the cold, they came to him, put one of their shawls around him, and told him to go to sleep again. When they aroused him at length, he was at Cordoba.

It was night. He entered the city, and it seemed to him that he was entering Rosario once more. There, again, were those straight streets with little white houses, but there were not so many people. He asked his way of a priest, found the house where Signor Mequinez was supposed to live, and pulled the bell. An old woman, with a light in her hand, opened the door.

"Whom do you want?" she asked.

"Signor Mequinez," replied Marco.

The old woman replied, with a shake of the head, "Signor Mequinez has gone to live at Tucuman."

"Must I die on the road without having found my mother?" cried Marco. "What is the name of that place? Where is it?"

"Ah, my boy," replied the old woman, touched with pity, "we are four or five hundred miles from there, at least."

The boy covered his face with his hands and sobbed. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike the woman.

"Go down this street to the right, and at the third house you will find a courtyard. There you will find

a trader who is setting out to-morrow for Tucuman with his wagons and his oxen. Perhaps he will let you ride in one of his wagons. Go at once."

The lad grasped his bag, thanked her as he ran, and two minutes later found himself in a great courtyard, lighted by lanterns, where a number of men were loading sacks of grain on huge carts with rounded tops and very large wheels. A tall man with big boots was directing the work. Marco went to the man and timidly asked for a place in one of the wagons, saying that he had come from Italy and that he was in search of his mother. The trader looked him over and replied shortly, "I have no place."

"I have fifteen lire," answered the boy. "I will give you my fifteen lire; I will work on the journey; I will fetch the water and fodder for the animals; I will do anything. Make a place for me, signor!"

The trader looked him over again and replied, a little more mildly: "There is no room. Besides, we are not going to Tucuman. We are going to another city. We should have to leave you on the way, and you would still have a long journey on foot."

"Ah, I would make twice as long a journey! I can walk. I shall get there in some way. Make a little room for me. Do not leave me here alone."

"It is a journey of twenty days," said the trader.

"It makes no difference to me," said Marco.

"It is a hard journey."

"I will endure everything if I can only find my mother. Have pity!"

The trader drew Marco's face close to the lantern and looked at him again sharply. Then he said, "Very well." Marco kissed his hand.

"You shall sleep in one of the wagons to-night," said the trader, as he left him. "To-morrow morning at four o'clock I will wake you. Good night."

At four o'clock in the morning, by the light of the stars, the long string of wagons set out with a great noise. Each cart was drawn by six oxen, and all were followed by a number of extra animals for a change. The boy, who had been awakened and placed on the sacks in one of the carts, instantly fell again into a deep sleep. When he awoke they had stopped in a lonely spot, full in the sun, and all the men were seated around a huge piece of meat which was roasting in the open air, over a large fire. They all ate together, took a nap, and then set out again. Thus the journey continued. At each stop Marco lighted the fire for the roasting, fed the cattle, polished the lanterns, and brought water for drinking.

The country was a great prairie. Here and there were groves of little brown trees, and small villages. In one place they crossed a plain covered with salt, which shone

white as far as the eye could reach. Now and then they met two or three travelers on horseback, followed by a herd of horses, which passed them at a gallop. The days were all alike, long and tiresome, but the weather was fine.

The men made Marco carry heavy bundles of fodder. They sent him to get water at long distances. One morning, when the trader was away, one of the men struck him because he was slow in bringing the water. Then others took their turn at him, saying, "Take that, you tramp!" He became ill. His heart was breaking. For three days he lay in the wagon, fighting a fever, and saw no one except the trader, who came now and then to look after him. He folded his hands and prayed. After a time he grew better.

Then came that most terrible day when he was to be left alone on the prairie. The trader tied his bag on his shoulders and said good-by. The boy had barely time to kiss him on one arm. The men who had treated him so harshly seemed then to feel some pity and made signs of farewell to him as they moved away. He returned the signs with his hand, stood watching the train of wagons until it was lost to sight in the red dust of the plain, and then set out alone.

One thing comforted him. After all those days of travel across that endless plain, he saw before him a chain of mountains, very high and blue, with white tops,

which reminded him of the Alps and made him think he was near his own country once more. They were the Andes, a part of that immense chain of mountains which extends throughout America from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean. The air was also warmer. This was because, in going toward the north, he was drawing nearer to the tropics. At great distances apart were little groups of houses and small shops, where he bought something to eat. Now and then he saw women and children seated on the ground, quiet and still, with reddish-brown faces and high cheek-bones, such as he had never seen before. They were Indians.

The first day he walked as long as he could and slept under a tree. The second day he did not go so far. Around him were strange trees, vast plantations of sugar-cane, fields without end, and always those blue mountains in front of him, which cut the sky with their tall, high peaks. Four days, five days — a week passed. His strength was giving out; his feet were bleeding; but finally, one morning, bent and limping, he entered the city of Tucuman. There were the same long, straight streets, the same low, white houses as at Cordoba, Rosario, Buenos Aires, but on every hand there was a new and wonderful vegetation, an air perfumed with flowers, a wonderful light, a sky clear and deep, such as he had never seen even in Italy.

If Marco could have known in what trouble his mother was at this moment, he would have tried still harder to hasten to her. She was very ill, in a chamber of the beautiful house where the Mequinez family lived. The family had become very fond of her and had done much for her. She had not been well when Signor Mequinez left Buenos Aires, and she had not been helped by the fine air of Cordoba. Her illness had become dangerous because she worried at hearing no word from her husband or from her cousin, and she feared that they were sick or dead.

At eight o'clock on that morning the doctor, a young Argentine, was at the bedside of the sick woman. She heard in the next room the sound of quick footsteps and voices. The doctor went out and soon returned with her master and mistress. All three gazed at her with a queer look and spoke together in a low tone.

"Josefa," said her mistress to the sick woman, "I have some good news for you. Prepare your heart for good news."

The woman looked at her earnestly.

"It is news," said the signora, "which will give you great joy. Prepare yourself to see a person — of whom you are very fond."

The woman raised her head and gazed with flashing eyes first at the signora, then at the door.

"A person," added the signora, "who has just arrived."

"Who is it?" cried the woman, in a strange, choked voice. An instant later she gave a cry and sat up in bed, staring as if she saw a spirit.

Marco, tattered and dusty, stood in the doorway. He rushed forward. His mother stretched out her arms and, taking him to her heart, burst into a strange laugh and a sob. Then, almost beside herself with joy, she covered his head with kisses.

"How do you come here? How you have grown! Who brought you? Is it you, Marco? It is not a dream!"

After a moment of perfect happiness, Marco drew back suddenly and turned to the doctor. "What is the matter with my mother?" he asked.

The doctor replied, "Your mother has been very ill, but she will now get well."

The boy looked at him for a moment and then flung himself on the floor, sobbing; but the doctor raised him up, saying, "Rise! It is you, noble boy, who have saved her."

Abridged

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about Edmondo de Amicis, putting it in the form of a story. 2. What and where are the Apennines? the Andes? Find them on a map. 3. Where is Genoa? Show it on a map and tell what the people of Genoa are called. 4. Show Buenos Aires on a map and tell in what country it is. 5. Why do you suppose the father of Marco sent the letters to his cousin instead of directly to his wife? 6. Why did Marco's father get

no answer when he wrote to the Mequinez family, and what does this show you about the importance of learning certain things well in school? 7. Why was Marco the only one of his family who could go to look for his mother? 8. Show on a map the route that the steamer took in going from Genoa to Buenos Aires. How long did it take?

9. Tell what the tropics are and in what ways they are different from the land in which we live. 10. Show on a map the route that Marco took from Buenos Aires to the place where he found his mother. Tell in as few words as possible where he went, what rivers he sailed upon, what cities he passed through, and how he traveled. 11. Describe one of the cities and tell in what ways the others were like it.

12. Describe the plains which he crossed. 13. Tell what season it is in Argentina when it is summer in the United States and in Italy, and tell whether the weather would grow warmer or colder as one went north from Buenos Aires. Why? 14. What was the trader carrying north from Cordoba in his wagons, and what does that tell you about the products of that region? 15. This story was written some years ago. Look on a map and see if there is now a railroad to Tucuman.

16. Show on a map of the western continent where the Andes lie, and show the mountain chain of which they are a part. How far north and south does it reach? 17. What sort of people did Marco find as he came nearer to the mountains? 18. Why was the vegetation about Tucuman different from that about Cordoba? 19. Read over the story and tell all the brave, kind, and thoughtful acts that you find in it. Tell all the selfish or cruel acts. 20. What do you think of Marco? of his mother? Whom else in the story do you like, and why?

You will want to read all of the book, "Heart," from which this story is taken. It has been translated by Miss I. F. Hapgood.

More about Italy will be found in "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe," by Charlotte M. Yonge; "Chestnut Farms," by Olive M. Eager, "Tuscan Peasants," by Grace Ellery Channing, and "The Macaroni Country," by Eleanor H. Patterson. The last three are in the book "Under Sunny Skies," of the Youth's Companion Series. A good description of Buenos Aires will be found in "The Argentine Capital," by Charles H. Pratt, in "Strange Lands near Home" of the same series.

Apennines (Ăp′ĕn nīnes): mountains running through Italy.

Andes (Ăn′dēs): the chief mountain range of South America.

Edmondo de Amicis (Ed mōn′dō dā Ä mē′chēs).

Genoa (Ġĕn′ō ȧ): a city in northern Italy.

lieutenant (*lie*ū tĕn′ănt): an officer in the army or navy.

Florence (Flŏr′ĕnçe): an Italian city southeast of Genoa.

Cuore (Cōō ō′rā): an Italian word meaning "heart."

Genoese (Ġĕn ō ēse′): a native of Genoa.

Buenos Aires (Bwā′nōs Ī′rās): the capital and chief city of Argentina.

lira (lĭ′rä): an Italian coin worth twenty cents; **lire** (lĭ′rā): more than one lira.

emigrants (ĕm′ĭ grănts): people who go to another country to make new homes.

Gibraltar (Ġĭ brăl′tär): a strait joining the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea.

Lombard (Lŏm′bärd): a native of Lombardy, a part of Italy.

Los Artes (Lōs Är′tās): a street in Buenos Aires.

Francesco Merelli (Frän chās′cō Mā rāl′lĭ).

signor (sē′nyōr): Italian for Mr.

signora (sē nyō′rä): Italian for Mrs.

Mequinez (Mā kē′ nĕth).

Cordoba (Côr′dō bä): a large city of Argentina.

Rosario (Rō sä′rĭ ō): an important Argentine city.

Paraná (Pä rä nä′): a large South American river.

vegetation (vĕġ e tā′shŏn): plants or vegetable growth.

steward (stew′ard): a chief servant or manager of a house.

soldo (sŏl′dō): a small Italian coin worth about one cent.

Tucuman (Tōō cōō män′): a city of Argentina.

tropics (trŏp′ĭcs): the hot regions of the earth.

Josepha (Jō sē′phȧ).

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Scotland is a country of heroes. Its history is full of stories of men who gave their lives and all that they had for the honor of their country and their king. Sir Walter Scott knew all these stories and was very fond of telling them, for he was a true Scotsman and was proud of the bravery of his countrymen. The story of his life will be found in Book Five of the Literary Readers.

The lullaby which we are going to read is supposed to be sung by a nurse to a little child whose father and mother have both been killed in the wars. The baby's father had been the chief of a clan or tribe of warriors, and as the baby is the only one of the family now left alive, he must become chief in his father's place. All the woods and glens which they see from the castle tower now belong to him, but when he is a man he will have to fight to keep them.

"Do not be afraid of that sound which you hear," says the nurse. "It is only the bugle calling together the guards of the castle to watch over you; and they will bend their bows and use their swords and fight and die, if need be, rather than let an enemy come near, to harm you. So go to sleep while you may, for soon you will be a man; then there will be hard fighting and no time for rest."]

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

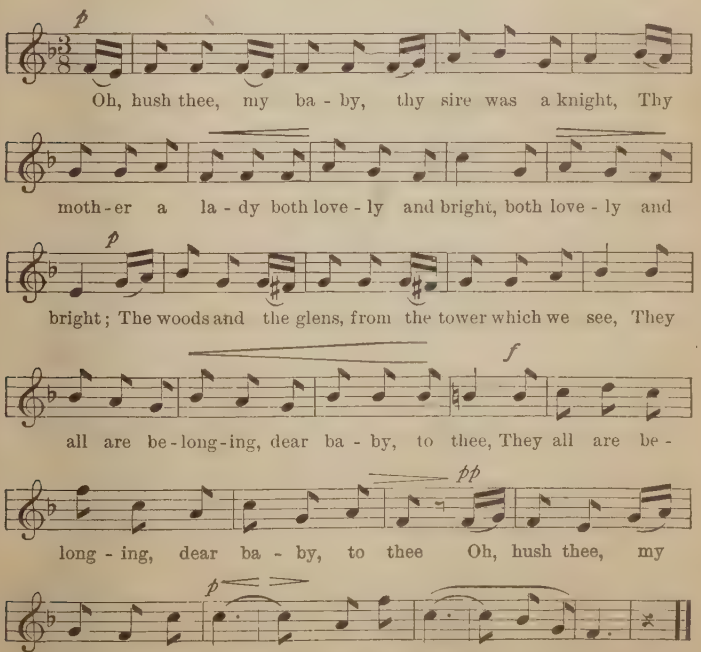
1. Who wrote this poem, and in what country did he live? 2. Tell what you can about the chiefs of the Scottish clans. 3. Who is supposed to be singing the lullaby, and to whom is she singing it? 4. Tell what has happened to the child's parents, and all that you can learn about them from the poem.

5. What is said of the woods and glens that were seen from the tower of the castle? 6. What does the baby hear while the nurse is rocking him to sleep, and what does the nurse tell him about it? 7. What must happen when the baby grows to be a man? 8. What differences do you see between this lullaby, Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," on page 50, and Eugene Field's "The Sugar-Plum Tree," on page 106? Which do you like best, and why? Which would be the most likely to put a baby

to sleep if he could understand the words? 9. What other lullabies have you read, and which do you like best of all? 10. *Memorize this poem.*

Other easy poems of Scott are "Hie Away" and "The Hunting Song." Several good lullabies by other poets have been spoken of on page 51.

This lullaby of Scott's has been set to music by the great English musician, Sir Arthur Sullivan. Perhaps you already know the music, but, anyway, here it is:


p
Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, thy sire was a knight, Thy
moth - er a la - dy both love - ly and bright, both love - ly and
p
bright; The woods and the glens, from the tower which we see, They
f
all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee, They all are be -
pp
long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee Oh, hush thee, my
p
ba - by, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by.

sire (sīr*e*) : father.
glens (glĕnz) : narrow valleys or ravines among hills or mountains.
bugle (bū′gl*e*) : a horn.
wardens (wa̤rd′ĕnz) : guards.
blades (blādz) : swords.
foeman (fō*e*′măn) : enemy.
strife (strīf*e*) : fighting.

HIE AWAY

Sir Walter Scott

[This is a hunting song from Scott's "Waverley." The huntsmen are about to start. The horses are stamping their hoofs in the courtyard and the dogs are waiting to be off, when Davie, one of the men, strikes up this song.]

Hie away, hie away!
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

hie (hī*e*) : to hasten.
brae (brā*e*) : a hill or slope.
copsewood (cŏpse′wo̤o̤d) : a thicket.
sheenest (shēen′ĕst) : brightest.
lady-fern : a fine-leaved fern.
black-cock : a game bird.

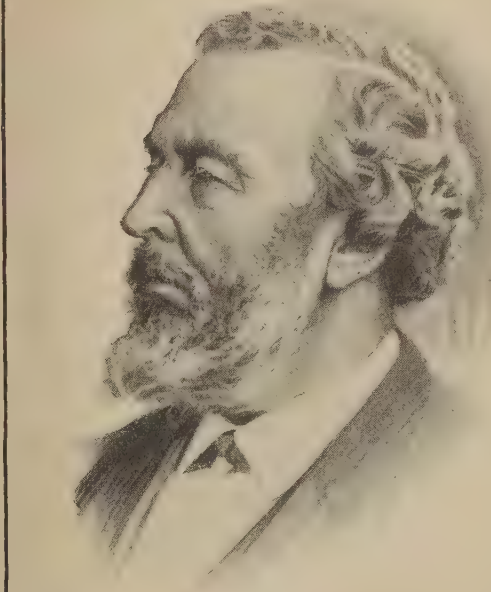
Memorize the poem

THE LITTLE POSTBOY

BAYARD TAYLOR

[One of the most famous of American travelers was Bayard Taylor. He was also a poet and a newspaper writer, but we always think of him as going somewhere — now skimming over the snow on a sledge in Norway, now with a stout staff tramping through Germany, now on a camel swinging along over the Arabian desert, now in the jungles of India or among the rice fields of Japan. He was born in the town of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. When he was four years old his parents went to live on a farm, and there he spent his boyhood roaming through the woods and fields. He tells us that one of the first things he remembers is a swamp in which he used to wade barelegged among the flags and where he found treasures of mud turtles and frogs and flowers. He was always wanting to see beyond the wide meadows that were around the farm, and one day when he was a very small boy he climbed out of the attic window and up on the roof, where he sat astride of the ridge and saw, as he thought, the whole world. Far to the north was something white glimmering in the sunshine. It was probably the front of a distant barn, but he was greatly excited and shouted, "I see the Falls of Niagara!"

He went to a country school and afterwards to an academy, but was not able to go to college. At about fifteen, while at the academy, he wrote a poem which was printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia. A year later he left school and went to work for a printer in West Chester. At nineteen he published a small book of poems and determined to go to Europe. He had no money, but several newspapers in Philadelphia and New York agreed to pay him if he would write them some letters which they might print. So he started out with a little more than a hundred dollars. He tramped through Europe with a knapsack on his back. He learned to speak German and French and Italian, and after two years entered London with his clothes almost in rags and thirty cents in his pocket. But he found work to do in London, received some money for his newspaper letters, and returned home. He had the newspaper letters published in a book which he called "Views Afoot." Soon afterward he went to Horace Greeley, the editor of the *New York Tribune*, and found work as a special correspondent. He spent the rest of his life traveling all over the world and writing letters which were printed in the *Tribune* and afterwards published as books. He also wrote several volumes of poems and a few stories. To young people the most interesting of his books is "Boys of Other Countries," from which is taken this story of "The Little Postboy."



Bayard Taylor

Mr. Taylor was made United States ambassador to Germany in 1878, and died in that country during the next year.]

I

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, after which fruit trees disappear, and nothing will grow in the short, cold summers except potatoes and a little barley. Farther inland there are great forests and lakes and ranges of mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer-sled can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once. But I do not think there are better people

in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished by either the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers, and when they are wanted a man or boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back. It would be quite an independent and convenient way of traveling if the horses were always ready, but sometimes you must wait an hour or more before they can be furnished.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire. The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the horses; so I was obliged to wait at the station until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I had intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber merchants, but his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old, but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes and smiled, and his mother made haste to say: "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he 'll take you safe enough. If the storm does n't get worse, you 'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only the round blue eyes were visible, and then his

mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road — not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

II

So we went on — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no

longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night, we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there

was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know, and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt, last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we 'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said, "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air, but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I

held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. I remember that his warm, soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no further than my knees. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on

my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight and in little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea, where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next posthouse; but I preferred to take my little bedfellow and sled-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home, — although I was a man and he a young boy, — I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better. We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man, perhaps with his own son growing up to take his place and help some later stranger like myself through a winter storm.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell all you can about the author of this story: (*a*) of his early life, (*b*) of his schooling, (*c*) of what he did after leaving school, (*d*) of his travels, (*e*) of his books.

2. Look in your geography or on a globe and see where Mr. Taylor had this ride. Why did he make the journey in winter? 3. Tell about the people of Norrland. How do they travel? What would you say of the weather when the thermometer is at zero? How low did you ever see the thermometer? 4. What is an aurora, and what happens after an aurora in Sweden? 5. How far was it, in English miles, from the place

where Mr. Taylor took his supper to where he planned to spend the night, and what is the difference between English and Swedish miles? 6. Who was Lars? Describe him.

7. Tell what you can about a fir-tree. 8. What did Lars mean by saying, "If there have been no plows out to-night, we 'll have trouble"? 9. How did Lars and Mr. Taylor spend the night? Why did they pull off their boots and loosen their clothes? What happened in the morning? 10. What sort of plow did the farmers have? Did you ever see such a plow in this country? If so, where? 11. Why did Mr. Taylor choose to have Lars, instead of his father, go with him when he returned? 12. What lesson did Mr. Taylor learn from Lars?

You will be interested in Mr. Taylor's "Jon of Iceland," "Hans of Germany," and other stories in "Boys of Other Countries," and in his poem, "A Night with a Wolf."

Other good stories of northern countries may be found in Lagerlöf's "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" and in Boyesen's "Viking Tales."

correspondent (cŏr rĕ spŏnd′ĕnt) : one who writes letters or sends news to a newspaper.

intense (ĭn tĕnse′) : very strong.

industrious (ĭn dŭs′trĭ ŭs) : busy and earnest.

thrifty (thrĭft′ў) : prosperous.

province (prŏv′ĭnçe) : a part or division of a country.

implements (ĭm′ple mĕnts) : tools.

severity (se vĕr′ĭ tў) : harshness.

vehicles (vē′ hĭ cleş) : carriages or anything in which people or freight may be carried.

independent (ĭn de pĕnd′ĕnt) : free.

endure (ĕn dūre′) : to bear patiently.

assured (ȧs şured′) : told earnestly and surely.

extreme (ĕx trēme′) : strongest or greatest.

aurora (au rō′rȧ) : yellow or reddish streamers of light sometimes seen in the sky at night, and often called northern lights.

zenith (zē′nĭth) : the point in the sky directly over one's head.

horizon (ho rĭ′zŏn) : the point where the sky seems to touch the earth.

overcast (ō vēr cȧst′) : cloudy.

loath (lōath) : unwilling.

deliberating (de lĭb′ĕr āt ĭng) : thinking carefully about.
lappets (lăp′pĕts) : the loose flaps of a coat collar, sometimes called lapels.
visible (vĭz′ĭ ble) : that can be seen.
incessantly (ĭn çĕs′sănt lў) : all the time.
exhausted (ĕg zôst′ĕd) : tired out.
extricate (ĕx′trĭ cāte) : to set free.
desperate situation (dĕs′pĕr āte sĭt ū ā′shŏn) : dangerous place or time.
accomplished (ăc cŏm′plĭshed) : succeeded in doing.
excluded (ĕx clūd′ĕd) : shut out.
stifled (stĭ′fled) : choked or suffocated.
oppressed (ŏp prĕssed′) : weighed down.
geared (gēared) : harnessed.
nevertheless (nĕv ĕr the lĕss′) : yet.
courageous (coŭr ā′ ġeoŭs) : brave.
Stockholm (Stŏck′hōlm).
Arctic (Ärc′tĭc).
Bothnia (Bŏth′nĭ ȧ).
Umea (Ụ′me ä).
Norrland (Nôrr′ länd).
Niels (Nĭ′ĕls).

(*For memorizing*)

THE TRAVELER'S RETURN

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Sweet to the morning traveler
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

But, oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

PART VI. STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

DAVID H. MONTGOMERY

I

In 1584 a young man named Walter Raleigh, who was a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth's, sent out two ships to America. The captains of these vessels landed on Roanoke Island, on the coast of what is now the state of North Carolina. They found the island covered with tall red cedars and with vines thick with clusters of wild grapes. The Indians called this place the "Good Land." They were pleased to see the Englishmen, and invited them to a great feast of roast turkey, venison, melons, and nuts.

When the two captains returned to England, Queen Elizabeth — the "Virgin Queen," as she was called — was

delighted with what she heard of the "Good Land." She named it Virginia in honor of herself. She also gave Raleigh a title of honor. From that time he was no longer called plain Walter Raleigh or Mr. Raleigh, but Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter now shipped over emigrants to settle in Virginia. They sent back to him, as a present, two famous American plants — one of them called tobacco, the other the potato. The queen had given Sir Walter a fine estate in Ireland, and he set out both the plants in his garden. The tobacco plant did not grow very well there, but the potato did; and after a time thousands of farmers began to raise that vegetable, not only in Ireland but in England too. As far back as that time — or more than three hundred years ago — America was beginning to feed the people of the Old World.

Sir Walter spent immense sums of money on his settlement in Virginia, but it did not succeed. One of the settlers, named Dare, had a daughter born there. He named her Virginia Dare. She was the first English child born in America. But the little girl, with her father and mother and all the rest of the settlers, disappeared. It is supposed that they were killed by the Indians or that they wandered away and starved to death; but all that we really know is that not one of them was ever seen again.

After Queen Elizabeth died, King James the First became ruler of England. He accused Sir Walter of trying to take away his crown so as to make some one else ruler over the country. Sir Walter was sent to prison and kept there for many years. At last King James released him in order to send him to South America to get gold. When Sir Walter returned to London without any gold, the greedy king accused him of having disobeyed him because he had fought with some Spaniards. Raleigh was condemned to death and was beheaded.

But Sir Walter's attempt to settle Virginia led other Englishmen to try.

II

One of the leaders in the new expedition sent out to make a settlement in Virginia, while Raleigh was in prison, was Captain John Smith. On the way to America, Smith was accused of plotting to murder the chief men among the emigrants so that he might make himself "King of Virginia." The accusation was false, but he was put in irons and kept a prisoner for the rest of the voyage.

In the spring of 1607 the emigrants reached Chesapeake Bay and sailed up a river which they named the James, in honor of King James the First of England; when they landed they named the settlement Jamestown for the same

reason. Here they built a log fort and placed three or four small cannon on its walls. Most of the men who settled Jamestown came hoping to find mines of gold in Virginia, or else a way through to the Pacific Ocean and to the Indies, which they thought could not be very far away. But Captain Smith wanted to help his countrymen to make homes here for themselves and their children.

As soon as Captain Smith landed, he demanded to be tried by a jury of twelve men. The trial took place. It was the first English court and the first English jury that ever sat in America. The captain proved his innocence and was set free. His chief accuser was condemned to pay him a large sum of money for damages. Smith generously gave this money to help the settlement.

As the weather was warm the emigrants did not begin building log cabins at once, but slept on the ground, sheltered by boughs of trees. For a church they had an old tent, in which they met on Sunday. They were all members of the Church of England (or the Episcopal Church), and that tent was the first place of worship, that we know of, which was opened by Englishmen in America.

When the hot weather came, many fell sick. Soon the whole settlement was like a hospital. Sometimes three or four would die in one night. Captain Smith, though not well himself, did everything he could for those who needed his help.

When the sickness was over, some of the settlers were so discontented that they determined to seize the only vessel there was at Jamestown and to go back to England. Captain Smith turned the cannon of the fort against them. The deserters saw that if they tried to leave the harbor he would knock their vessel to pieces; so they came back. One of the leaders of these men was tried and shot; the other was sent to England in disgrace.

When the Indians of America first met the white men they were very friendly to them; but this did not last long, because often the whites treated the Indians very badly — in fact, the Spaniards made slaves of them and whipped many of them to death. But these were generally the Indians of the West Indies and South America; some of the tribes of North America, especially those in what is now New York state, were terribly fierce and a match for the Spaniards in cruelty.

The Indians at the east did not build cities, but lived in small villages. These villages were made up of huts covered with bark of trees. Such huts were called wigwams. The women did nearly all the work, such as building the wigwams and hoeing corn and tobacco. The men hunted and made war. Instead of guns the Indians had bows and arrows. With these they could bring down a deer or a squirrel quite as well as a white man could now with a rifle. They had no iron, but made hatchets and

knives out of sharp, flat stones. They never built roads, for they had no wagons, and at the east they did not use horses; but they could find their way with ease through the thickest forest. When they came to a river they swam across it, so they had no need of bridges. For boats they made canoes of birch bark. These canoes were almost as light as paper, yet they were very strong and handsome, and they

> "floated on the river
> Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
> Like a yellow water-lily." [1]

In them they could go hundreds of miles quickly and silently. So every river and stream throughout North America became a roadway to the Indian.

After that first long, hot summer was over, some of the settlers wished to explore the country and see if they could not find a short way through to the Pacific Ocean. Captain Smith led the expedition. The Indians attacked them, killed three of the men, and took the captain prisoner. To amuse the Indians, Smith showed them his pocket compass. When the savages saw that the needle always pointed toward the north they were greatly astonished; and instead of killing their prisoner, they decided to take him to their chief. This chief was named Powhatan. He was a tall, grim-looking old man, and he hated the settlers at

[1] Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Jamestown, because he believed that they had come to steal the land from the Indians.

Smith was dragged into the chief's wigwam; his head was laid on a large, flat stone, and a tall savage with a big club stood ready to dash out his brains. Just as Powhatan was about to cry "Strike!" his daughter Pocahontas, a girl of twelve or thirteen, ran up, and, putting her arms around the prisoner's head, laid her own head on his — now let the Indian with his uplifted club strike, if he dare. Instead of being angry with his daughter, Powhatan promised her that he would spare Smith's life. When an Indian made such a promise as that he kept it, so the captain knew that his head was safe. Powhatan released his prisoner and soon sent him back to Jamestown, and Pocahontas, followed by a number of Indians, carried to the settlers presents of corn and venison.

Some years after this the Indian maiden married John Rolfe, an Englishman who had come to Virginia. They went to London, and Pocahontas died not far from that city. She left a son, and from that son came some noted Virginians. One of them was John Randolph. He was a famous man in his day, and he always spoke with pride of the Indian princess, as he called her.

More emigrants came over from England, and Captain Smith was now made governor of Jamestown. Some of the emigrants found some glittering earth which they thought

"NOW LET THE INDIAN . . . STRIKE, IF HE DARE"

was gold. Soon nearly every one was hard at work digging it. Smith laughed at them, but they insisted on loading a ship with the worthless stuff and sending it to London. That was the last that was heard of it.

The people had wasted their time digging this shining dirt when they should have been hoeing their gardens. Soon they began to be in great want of food. The captain started off with a party of men to buy corn of the Indians. The Indians contrived a cunning plot to kill the whole party. Smith luckily found it out; seizing the chief by the hair, he pressed the muzzle of a pistol against his heart and gave him his choice — "Corn, or your life!" He got the corn, and plenty of it.

Captain Smith then set part of the men to planting corn, so that they might raise what they needed. The rest of the settlers he took with him into the woods to chop down trees and saw them into boards to send to England. Many tried to escape from this labor, but Smith said, "Men who are able to dig for gold are able to chop." Then he made this rule: "He who will not work shall not eat." Rather than lose his dinner the laziest man now took his ax and set off for the woods.

But though the choppers worked, they grumbled. They liked to see the chips fly and to hear the great trees "thunder as they fell," but the ax handles raised blisters on their fingers. These blisters made the men swear, so that

commonly one would hear "a loud oath" at every third stroke of the ax. Smith said the swearing must be stopped. He had each man's oaths numbered. When the day's work was done, every offender was called up; his oaths were counted; then he was told to hold up his right hand, and a can of cold water was poured down his sleeve for each oath. This new style of water cure did wonders; in a short time hardly an oath would be heard in a whole week — it was just chop, chop, chop, and the madder the men got, the more the chips would fly.

Captain Smith had not been governor very long when he met with a terrible accident. He was out in a boat, and a bag of gunpowder he had with him exploded. He was so badly hurt that he had to go back to England to get proper treatment for his wounds.

He returned to America a number of years later, explored the coast north of Virginia, and gave it the name of New England, but he never went back to Jamestown again. He died in London, and was buried in a famous old church in that city.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about Elizabeth. 2. Who was Sir Walter Raleigh? 3. From what country did Raleigh send out his ships? 4. Where is Roanoke Island? 5. What kind of tree is a cedar? Did you ever see one? If so, where? 6. Where did the Indians get their turkeys? 7. What was the title of honor that Queen

Elizabeth gave to Raleigh, and why did she give it? 8. What two American plants did the emigrants send back to England, and how well did they grow in England and Ireland?

9. What happened to the first settlement in Virginia? 10. What can you tell about Virginia Dare? 11. What good came of Raleigh's attempt to settle Virginia? 12. What did King James do to Raleigh and why?

13. Who was Captain Smith, and what happened on his first voyage to America? 14. Where is Chesapeake Bay? 15. What did the emigrants call their settlement and why? What did they call the river up which they sailed? 16. For what purpose did most of them come to America, and what did Captain Smith want them to do in the new land? 17. What can you tell about Captain Smith's trial?

18. How did the Jamestown settlers live during the first few months? What can you say of their first church? What serious trouble did they have during the first summer? 19. What did some of them try to do, and what did Captain Smith do to stop them?

20. How did the Indians first receive the white men, and why did their feelings toward the white men change? 21. Tell what you can of the way in which the Indians lived, of their wigwams, of the work done by their men and women, of their arms, their hatchets and knives, their way of traveling, their boats. 22. What happened to Smith and his company when they started to look for the Pacific Ocean? Tell the story of Pocahontas.

23. To what office was Captain Smith appointed, and how did he treat the "gold-diggers"? 24. How did Smith get corn? 25. How did he make the men work? 26. How did he make them stop swearing? 27. Why did he go back to England? 28. What else can you tell about him?

Mr. Montgomery, who wrote this story, is the author of several histories. His best-known book is "Leading Facts of American History." This story of the settlement of Virginia is taken from his "Beginner's American History." You will find in the same book other interesting stories from the history of our country.

More about the early settlement of Virginia will be found in Cooke's "Stories of the Old Dominion" and Higginson's "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers."

venison (vĕn′ĭ ṣŏn) : deer meat.
virgin (vĭr′ĝĭn) : a maiden.
estate (ĕs tāte′) : land or property.
accused (ăc cūṣed′) : blamed or charged with.
released (re lēased′) : allowed to go free.
condemned (cŏn dĕmned′) : ordered to be punished.
beheaded (be hĕad′ĕd) : had one's head cut off.
expedition (ĕx pe dĭ′shŏn) : a journey to find out or to do some important thing.
settlement (sĕt′tle mĕnt) : a new town or group of houses.
irons (ī′ŭrnṣ) : handcuffs or chains.
Indies (Ĭn′dĭeṣ) : the East Indies.
jury (ju′rў) : a number of men chosen to try an accused person and to decide whether he shall be punished.
rifle (rī′fle) : a gun.
explore (ĕx plōre′) : to search carefully.
oath (ōath) : a swearing.
offender (ŏf fĕn′dĕr) : one who does wrong.
Raleigh (Ra′leĭgh).
Chesapeake (Chĕs′a pēake).
Powhatan (Pow ha tăn′).
Roanoke (Rō′ a nōke).
Episcopal (Ē pĭs′co pal).
Pocahontas (Pō ca hŏn′tas).
Spaniards (Spăn′yards).
Randolph (Răn′dŏlf).

(For memorizing)

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith

[The hymn "America" has been sung by millions of people. We always sing it when we meet together and wish to show how much we love our country. The tune is a very old one. Some say it came from France, some say from England, but we know that a tune very much like it was sung in England more than two hundred years ago, with Latin words which also told how much the singer loved his country. Some one in England translated this Latin hymn into English, changing it a little and making of it the English national hymn, "God save the King." Then some one in Germany wrote a hymn very much like it in the German language and the German people sing that in the same way. Russian words were also set to it and it was used for many years as a national hymn in Russia, until the music of the present Russian hymn was written. Then in 1832 Samuel F. Smith, an American, found the tune in a German music book, and he wrote an American hymn to fit the music. It happened in this way:

Mr. Smith had been out of college only about three years. He had graduated from Harvard in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, and was at that time reading and translating German. One day Lowell

Mason, a music teacher in Boston, who afterward became famous, went to Mr. Smith and said: "Mr. Smith, I have been traveling in Germany and have picked up several German music books which have good music in them. I wish you would look them over and choose a few of the best songs that can be sung by American school children. Then translate the words, or write new words that are somewhat like them, and I will publish them." Mr. Smith looked over the books a few days later and found in one of them this old tune, which he greatly liked. He said years afterwards:

"I looked down at the words at the bottom of the page and found them to be a patriotic hymn. 'Ah,' I thought, 'patriotic, that is just the tune for a patriotic hymn. America shall have one of her own.' I reached for a scrap of waste paper, and in less than an hour 'America' was written, very nearly as you see it to-day."

The hymn was first sung by the Sunday-school children in Park Street Church, Boston, on the Fourth of July of that same year.

Afterwards Mr. Smith became a minister and editor of several religious papers, and was known as Dr. Smith. Besides "America," he wrote "The Morning Light is Breaking" and other well-known hymns. He died in 1895.

As you sing the hymn "America" try always to think what the words mean. You are singing of our country,

the land of liberty, where every one is free; the land where the Pilgrim fathers lived and died; the land that they were proud of, just as we are proud of it to-day; and as you sing, you want every mountain side to ring like an echo to the music.

You love our country, the country where men are free and noble. You love its rocks and its streams, its woods and its hills — on which stands many a church, or temple, where one may worship. As you sing, your heart fairly tingles with the love and thankfulness that you feel. It is like the love that the angels feel in heaven.

So you want this song of freedom to be carried forward on every breeze, swelling as it goes, and ringing through the forests. You want every living person to shout it, and every breathing soul to share your gladness. You want even the rocks to break forth into singing and lengthen out the song.

Then the last stanza is a prayer to the God of our fathers, who makes all men free. You ask that our country may long be made bright with the light and joy of freedom, and that God will protect us by his great strength.

That is what the hymn means.]

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why do we sing this hymn? 2. About how old is the tune to which we sing it? 3. What is the name of the national hymn of the English people, which is sung to the same tune? 4. What other nations have used the tune? 5. Tell anything else that you remember about it. 6. Who wrote the hymn "America"? 7. Tell how it happened to be written. 8. When and where was it first sung? 9. What else can you tell about the author?

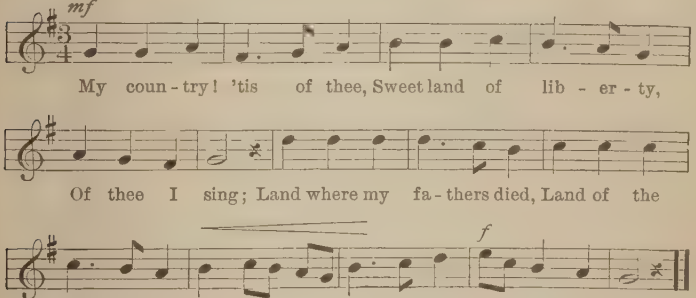
10. Of whose country are you singing in this hymn? 11. Does this country belong to any one else more than to you? 12. What is liberty? 13. Does it mean that one is free to do anything that will harm other people? 14. What is meant by "land of the Pilgrims' pride"? 15. How can freedom ring from every mountain side? 16. In the second stanza what things do you say you love? 17. What are "templed hills"? 18. What is "rapture"? 19. Express in your own words lines 15–18.

20. To whom are you supposed to be singing in the first three stanzas? To whom in the last stanza? 21. What is meant by "our fathers' God"? By "author of liberty"? 22. Express lines 22 and 23 (p. 253) in simpler words. 23. In the last two lines what do you ask God to do? 24. What is the use of a national hymn? 25. A wise man once said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws." What do you suppose he meant? 26. *Memorize this hymn.*

You will find the words and music of the national hymns of many other countries in "Standard Patriotic Songs," in the Musical Art Series. Read particularly "God save the King" (English), "The Marseillaise" (French), and "The Watch on the Rhine" (German); also other American patriotic songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner" (p. 278 of this book), "Hail

Columbia," Keller's "American Hymn," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The poems "America" from the "Centennial Cantata," by Sidney Lanier, and "Our Native Land," by C. T. Brooks, may also be read.


mf
My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
f
Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!

Latin (lăt'ĭn): the language used by the ancient Romans.

patriotic (pā trĭ ŏt'ĭc): loving one's country.

liberty (lĭb'ẽr tў): freedom.

Pilgrim (pĭl'grĭm): a name given to the first settlers of New England at Plymouth.

native country: the country where one is born.

rills (rĭlls): small brooks.

templed (tĕm'pled): supplied with temples or churches.

mortal (môr'tăl): belonging to man.

partake (pär tāke'): share.

prolong (pro lông'): lengthen out.

(For memorizing)

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

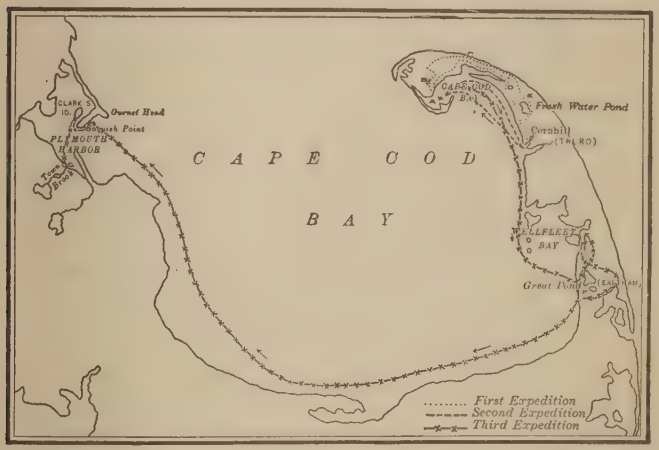
WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

I

On a September day in the year 1620 a ship sailed out of the harbor of Plymouth, in England. It was a small ship, not much larger than the fishing vessels that now sail along our coast, and not nearly so seaworthy. Yet it carried a company of stout-hearted men and women — and children too — who had set out to cross the ocean and find a home on the strange, wild shores of America. The ship was the *Mayflower*, and the passengers were the Pilgrims. They were leaving England because there they were not allowed to worship God in the way they believed was right. That was a thing which they thought no king could tell them.

After several days of pleasant weather a storm arose, and the waves tossed that little ship about and broke over her bows and flooded her decks and beat upon her sides until one of the great beams cracked; and at that a number of the sailors, who had seen many a stormy sea and many a shipwreck, wished to turn about and put back to England. But others said they were now in mid-ocean and as near America as England. So they set a great iron screw under the broken beam and forced it into place again. Then with shreds of ropes they stopped the leaks as well

as they could and took down all the sails and let the ship drive before the wind for days and days. But at last the sea grew still, and the sun shone once more, and they rounded a point of land which we now call Cape Cod, and



A, the Mayflower at anchor in Cape Cod Bay.
B, place where the Pilgrims saw the Indians and dog.
C, place where the Pilgrims spent the first night ashore.
D, valley where they found fresh water (East Harbor).
E, place where William Bradford was caught in a deer trap.
F, place where the Pilgrims were attacked by Indians.
G, Plymouth Rock.

anchored in a quiet bay. It was the eleventh of November, and winter was coming on. They had been on the sea for more than two months. Some of them were ill; one had died upon the voyage; they knew little of the country and had no place to live; but they were not discouraged.

They first knelt down and thanked God for bringing them safe to land; then in the cabin of the *Mayflower* they signed a paper, each one agreeing to obey such laws as the greater number of them should vote for, and to work for the good of the whole company. And, last, they elected John Carver their governor.

They had brought with them on the ship a small open boat, but it had been badly battered by the storms. Upon this boat the ship's carpenter now set to work, and while he was mending it sixteen of the men, under Captain Miles Standish, waded through the shallow water to the shore, with guns upon their shoulders, to spy out the new land. They had walked about a mile along the sandy shore when they saw five or six Indians coming toward them with a dog. The Indians were afraid and ran swiftly into the woods, whistling to the dog to follow them. The Pilgrims followed, making signs that they wished to be friendly and would do no harm, but the Indians only ran the faster and were soon out of sight. For ten miles the Pilgrims followed the tracks of the savages. Then night came on, and they slept upon the ground, building a fire and leaving three of their number to watch. At daybreak they were up and on the trail again, which they followed until they came to the mouth of a large creek. Then they turned into the woods and soon lost themselves. Their hands and faces were scratched, their clothes and armor were almost torn from their bodies

by the thorns and branches, but at about ten o'clock they came out into a valley covered with brush, bayberry, and long grass, where they saw a deer and found springs of fresh water, from which they drank and which they found sweet and good. This spot is now known as East Harbor.

A little farther on they found also another open plain, which seemed to have once been planted with corn, and here was a large pond of fresh water. Pond Village has since been built upon this spot. Here, too, were walnut trees full of nuts. A little farther were the remains of a hut, with a great kettle which must have belonged to some ship coming out of England; and here they found several heaps of sand, which had been freshly piled up and which had upon them the marks of hands. This greatly surprised the Pilgrims, and they dug into the heaps to see what they could find. It was a happy discovery, for beneath were Indian baskets woven from bark or grass, and the baskets were full of corn. One basket had in it thirty-six full ears, some yellow, some red, and some mixed with blue. This was a goodly sight, for Indian corn was a new thing to them, and they felt sure that if the Indians had grown it here they could do the same, but they did not know whether the grain which they had brought from England would grow in this new land.

So they filled the great kettle with corn, and they filled their pockets too — as full as they would hold — and then

carefully buried the rest, intending to come back and try to find the Indians; for they wished to return the kettle and pay for the corn.

The company had promised Governor Carver that they would start back to the ship at the end of two days. So they turned about and tramped back along the shore and through the valley and made their camp that night by the fresh-water pond which they had found, leaving three sentinels to watch by a blazing fire of logs and brush.

During the night it rained, and the next morning they had a weary march, losing themselves again in the woods. As they were wandering here and there they came to a young tree bent over like a bow, and under it were scattered acorns. William Bradford, who was afterward governor of Plymouth, stooped down to examine it, when suddenly the tree flew up and a noose woven of bark caught him about the leg. He had stumbled into a deer trap set by the Indians.

The company laughed heartily at this and cut him loose, and they tramped until they came out of the woods and saw more deer and partridges and flocks of wild geese and ducks. Then they knew they should have game in its season.

So at last they came again to the harbor. At sight of the ship they fired their guns, and upon that Governor Carver and others put off in the boat and met them on the shore. They were worn and wet, but they had found game and fresh water and, best of all, corn for their spring planting.

II

The small boat or shallop had now been put in order, and a few days later another party of about thirty men set out to explore the river which had been seen by the first party a few days before. The bay was rough and the shallop was blown toward shore, so that some of the company got out and waded to the beach, leaving the rest in the shallop to anchor there that night and meet them farther down the shore next morning.

Then it began to snow, and the wind blew fiercely, and the spray froze on the men's clothing as it dashed upon them. All night long the storm kept on, and some were so chilled that they became ill and weeks afterward died.

The next morning those in the shallop hoisted a small sail and toward noon reached the mouth of the river which they had set out to explore. Here they met those who had marched by land, and together they proceeded four or five miles up the larger of the two branches of the stream, some on the shore and some in the boat. Half a foot of snow now lay upon the ground. The hills were steep and covered with a scrubby growth of thorns and bushes. But the men killed three wild geese and six ducks, upon which they made a good supper. Then they lay down under a clump of pine trees and went to sleep.

The next day they went up the smaller of the two streams. A canoe was found upon the bank. In this they crossed the stream and tramped to the place at which they had found the corn and which they named Cornhill. The ground was frozen now, but they broke through the crust of it with their short swords and took out the rest of the corn. There, too, they found a bottle of oil and a bag of beans, and in other mounds they found more corn, so that they took away in all about ten bushels. This was placed in the shallop and sent to the *Mayflower* with those of the party who were ill and tired out. But eighteen decided to stay and try to find some of the Indians whose corn they had taken. They found no Indians, but on the next day they dug into another mound of earth and discovered several mats, a bow, a board curiously carved and painted, and a number of bowls, trays, and dishes — and with them a quantity of bones.

Two huts, or Indian wigwams, were also found. They were made of slender young trees bent over like a bow, with both ends fastened in the ground, and over this frame of trees were spread mats to keep out the rain and snow. The chimney was a wide hole in the top; the door was a mat, hung so that one could lift it and pass in. Inside, these huts were high enough for a man to stand upright, and in the middle of each were four crotched sticks. In the crotches of these sticks were laid

other sticks to hold the pots in which the Indians cooked their food. All around, on the floor, were spread mats. The Indians used the mats for beds.

In these huts were found wooden bowls, trays and dishes, earthen pots, baskets made of crab shells fastened together, baskets also of grass and bark woven in curious patterns, and in one of the huts was an English pail without a handle. Two or three deers' heads and horns, and eagles' claws, were hung about the huts, and several baskets of parched acorns and seeds, of what kind they did not know. Some of these things they took away, meaning to pay for them with beads and other trinkets when they could find the Indians.

By this time the shallop had come back for them, so they returned to the *Mayflower*.

III

It was now growing colder every day, and the Pilgrims had not yet found a place for their new home. Some wished to build it at the place where they had found the corn, but others thought the harbor was not good enough. Finally it was decided to send another party across the bay to a point where their pilot told them he had once been in a trading ship, and where there was a good harbor and a river large enough for ships to enter.

While this third exploring party was making ready to set out, a baby was born in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, in Cape Cod harbor. It was the first English child born in New England and it was named Peregrine White.

On the sixth of December ten of the chief of the Pilgrims, with eight sailors, embarked in the shallop and set forth. Among them were Captain Miles Standish, who was a soldier and a brave man, Governor Carver, William Bradford, and Edward Winslow, all of whom are now famous for the work which they did in those old days. It was so cold on this morning when they started that the salt spray froze upon their clothing and covered them with ice. Two of the party were almost overcome with the cold, but they had no thought of turning back. Instead they hoisted their little sail and let the wind drive them along the shore, which they thought to follow until they reached the harbor that their pilot had told them of.

Toward night they came to an inlet now known as Wellfleet Bay, and beyond it saw about a dozen Indians on the shore, cutting up a great black fish somewhat like a dolphin. The Indians seemed greatly frightened at sight of them and ran away, taking with them as much of the fish as they could carry.

The Pilgrims, having landed, built a fire and piled around them a wall of logs and brushwood, partly to break the force of the wind, which was very sharp, and

partly to protect them from the Indians. Just before dark they saw the smoke of an Indian camp fire four or five miles away. Then, as night came on, they set several of their number to watch, while the rest fell asleep in their wet clothing, from which the heat of their fire had but just melted the ice.

The next day they marched up and down the shore and into the woods to see if they might find here a place for building. But they wished to build at the mouth of a river, and they found no river here — nothing but two little brooks so narrow that they could leap over them. Then, too, the soil was sandy and not very rich. Following the marks of the Indians' feet, they tramped through the woods and found a large fresh-water pond, now called Great Pond, in Eastham, also the remains of an old cornfield, an Indian graveyard surrounded with poles set close together, and a few deserted wigwams.

At night the shallop, which had been guarded all day by certain of the company, met those who were on land at the mouth of a little creek. Here they anchored the shallop, made their supper from such food as they could get, and prepared themselves for another night, after building a barricade of logs and brush as they had done the night before.

About midnight they were awakened by a frightful cry. At the same instant the sentinel shouted "Arm!

arm!" Two of the Pilgrims seized their guns and fired into the darkness. The noise ceased. They could not tell whether the sound was made by Indians or wolves, but they thought it to be wolves.

Early the next morning, at a little after five o'clock, while it was yet dark, they were up and stirring. They first offered a prayer, as they always did upon rising, and then, after a hasty breakfast in the cold, gray dawn of the winter morning, they began to carry their belongings down to the shallop. Some had carried down their guns and left them on the beach while they went back for breakfast. But suddenly they heard that frightful cry again — the same that they had heard at midnight — and at the same moment a shower of arrows came flying among them.

The men who had left their guns upon the beach rushed down to get them, and they were not a moment too soon, for a band of Indians were seen dimly through the trees, preparing to leap out upon them and yelling savagely.

Meanwhile, Miles Standish, who always had his gun at hand, stood in the open side of the barricade by the camp fire and fired the first shot. Then another of the Pilgrims fired. Two more were ready, but Standish shouted to them not to fire until they could see the Indians more plainly and take aim, for it was still in the dim half-light before the dawn.

Then they called to those in the shallop, asking if all was well with them, and the answer came back, "Well! well! Be of good courage!" Following this came the report of three guns from the shallop, and after that some one called out of the fog and asked for fire, since their guns were of the old kind which were discharged by slow-burning string, and the fire had gone out from their string. At that, one of the Pilgrims at the barricade seized a burning log from the camp fire and ran with it upon his shoulder to the shore, where the shallop was moored. The Indians then gave another great yell, but they did not dare to come out from the shelter of the trees. The Pilgrims wrote afterward in their journal that this cry sounded like "Wo-ath! Wo-ach! Ha! Ha! Hach! Wo-ach!" No wonder it sounded frightful to them.

As it grew lighter one lusty Indian who seemed to be their leader was seen to let fly three arrows from behind a tree, when a musket ball from one of the Pilgrims sent a shower of bark about his ears, and with a yell he turned and fled, followed by all the others.

To show that they were not afraid, the Pilgrims followed a quarter of a mile or more, shouting at the top of their voices and firing their guns, all of which frightened the Indians greatly, no doubt, and made them run as fast as their legs could carry them. When they had gone it was found that some of the Pilgrims' coats which

were hanging near the fire were shot through and through with arrows, yet none of the men was hurt. They picked up a handful of arrows, which they sent back to England the next spring in memory of their first battle with the Indians.

IV

After this fight the little company embarked in the shallop and with a fair wind sailed along the coast. But within an hour or two it began to snow and rain, and toward the middle of the afternoon the wind rose into a gale and the rudder of the shallop broke, so that they had to steer with their oars. Then night came on, and the sea became so rough that they thought they should be swamped by the waves. But the pilot bade them be of good cheer, for through the dusk he thought he saw the harbor of which he had told them. So they let out all their sail and were driving toward the opening which the pilot pointed out, when a great gust struck the sail full and carried it overboard into the sea, breaking the mast into three pieces. In less time than it takes to tell it they had cut loose the sail and the flood tide carried them on. Then the pilot, straining his eyes through the gathering darkness, suddenly cried out, "This is not the place!"

The rain was now beating down upon them in torrents and threatening to fill the shallop; the wind was driving

them upon a rocky shore, and the surf ran mountain high. The pilot would have had them run the shallop ashore and take their chances in the surf, which was breaking white and angry through the dark. But one of the sailors, more prudent than the rest, cried out, "If you are men, about with her and row for your lives!" They rowed for their lives, as men never rowed before; they put the boat about and got out of the surf and were carried past a point of land into the harbor. There they turned the boat within the shelter of the point which they had passed, now known as Saquish Point, and found before them a sandy shore, where they cast anchor.

Some of the party thought it safer to stay all night in the shallop than to try to go ashore, for they feared the Indians; others were so wet and chilled that they said they could not live through the night anyway in that cold, driving rain. So those who wished to land waded ashore, and after a long search in the thick blackness of the woods they found under the pine trees enough dry wood to build a fire. The others, seeing the firelight, also waded ashore and got such shelter as they could under the trees. Here they set a watch and, tired out with their hard labor, fell asleep.

At midnight the wind shifted to the northwest, the rain stopped, and everything froze hard. Day dawned clear and cold. They arose, thanked God for keeping

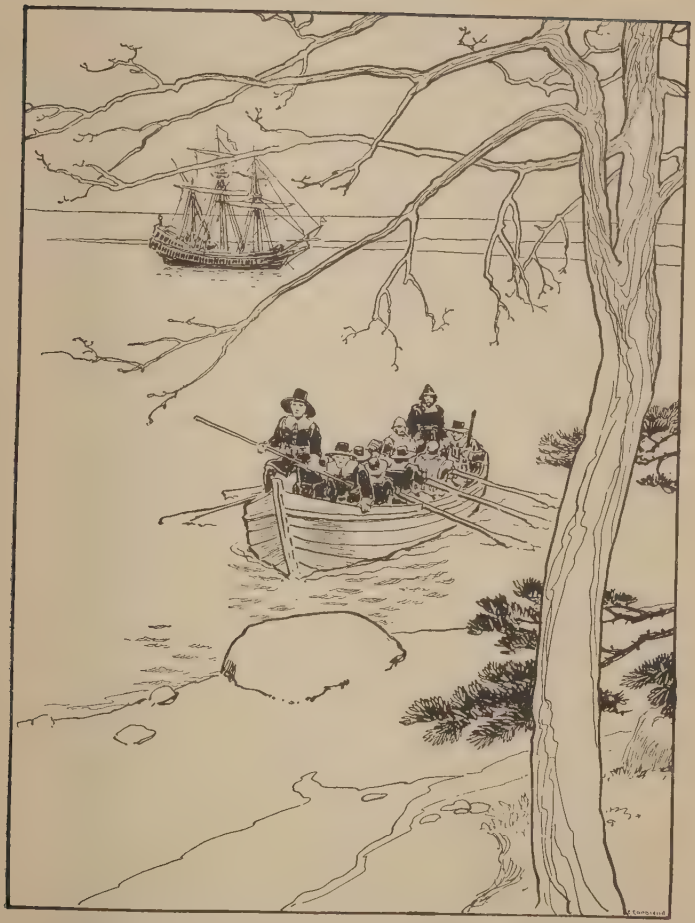
them in safety, and heaping more wood upon the fire dried themselves as well as they could.

Then, taking their guns upon their shoulders, they set forth to discover something of the shore on which they had been cast. They soon found it to be an island in the midst of a pleasant bay, and they marched around it without seeing any sign of human life. They named it Clark's Island, after Clark, the master's mate, who first reached the shore. The day was spent in drying their goods and in repairing as well as they could the damage to their boat.

The next day being Sunday, a day upon which no Pilgrim would think of working or of traveling, they held a church service under the trees beside their camp fire and rested, for they had sore need of rest.

On Monday morning, the eleventh of December, they again embarked in their shallop, and, after sounding the harbor and finding it deep enough for even large ships to ride in safety, they rowed across to the mainland and stepped out upon the now famous Plymouth Rock. We still celebrate this day of their landing as Forefathers' Day, though on account of a change in our reckoning of time it now falls on December twenty-first.

The land looked good. A little back from the shore they found running brooks and the remains of cornfields. It seemed to them a fit place for building. So, getting



"THEY WENT IN AND ANCHORED, WHILE SOME OF THEM LANDED"

into their shallop once more, they rowed as fast as they might back to the *Mayflower* in Cape Cod harbor, and brought to the wives and children, and to the others of the Pilgrims who had remained behind upon the ship, the news of their safety and of their discovery, and all were much rejoiced.

Four days later the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and sailed across the bay to the mouth of Plymouth harbor. They could not enter on that day, for the wind was contrary, but the following day they went in and anchored, while some of them landed and made further explorations. In the harbor they found wild fowl and fish, clams, crabs, and lobsters; on the shore they found good timber — oak, pine, walnut, beech, birch, and ash. There were also hazel nuts, wild-grape vines, plum and cherry trees, and quantities of holly and sassafras. A little farther up the bay they found the mouth of a river, up which they rowed the shallop for some three miles; but after looking all about the harbor it seemed to them that the best spot was the one on which the party in the shallop had first set foot, for there the ground was high, and much land had been cleared, and, as their journal tells us, "there is a very sweet brook that runs under the hillside," which was the Town Brook of Plymouth.

The weather was still stormy, and so much rain and snow fell that it was nearly another week before they

could do much work. But those of the men who were able went ashore and cut and carried timber; and at length, on Christmas Day, they put up their first log house.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why did the Pilgrims come to America? 2. Where is Cape Cod? 3. How long did it take the Pilgrims to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and how long does it take now? 4. What is there in this story to make you think that the Indians had seen white men before? 5. Why were they afraid of the Pilgrims? 6. Draw a map of Cape Cod, Cape Cod Bay, and Plymouth harbor, and locate the places of which you have read.

7. How many exploring trips did the Pilgrims make before they finally landed at Plymouth? Why was the first trip so important? Would it have been as important if it had been a week or two later? Give reason for your answer, and tell what you can about the first trip. 8. Tell about the second trip. 9. Tell about the third trip. 10. Name some things that they found on their different trips which would be useful for food; for building. 11. What made the Pilgrims so brave, and why were they able to endure so much?

12. Name three differences between the first settlers of New England and the first settlers of Virginia (see pp. 238–247): (*a*) the time of the year at which they landed; (*b*) the way in which the Indians received them; (*c*) their reasons for coming to America. 13. Tell in what ways they were alike.

For a fuller story of the settlement of New England read "Pilgrims and Puritans," by Nina Moore Tiffany, and "On Plymouth Rock," by S. A. Drake. Read also Felicia Hemans's poem "The Pilgrim Fathers" (Literary Readers, Book Five).

governor (gŏv′ẽr nŏr) : chief, or ruler.
sentinel (sĕn′tĭ nĕl) : one who guards or watches.
moored (mo͝ored) : fastened, as a boat.
inlet (ĭn′lĕt) : a bay.
belongings (be lŏng′ĭngz̧) : things that belong to one.
discharged (dĭs chärġed′) : shot off, as a gun.
lusty (lŭst′y̆) : strong and healthy.
gust (gŭst) : a sudden blast of wind.
flood tide : a rising tide.
surf (sûrf) : the sea dashing upon the shore.
dense (dĕnse) : thick or heavy.
master's mate (mâs′tẽr'z̧ māte) : the officer next to the master or captain of a ship.
weighed anchor : lifted the anchor.
Peregrine (Pĕr′e grĭne).
Eastham (Ēast′hăm).
Saquish (Sā′quĭsh).

(*For memorizing*)

A STANZA FROM "THE PILGRIM FATHERS"

JOHN PIERPONT

The Pilgrim Fathers — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[A little more than a hundred years ago the United States and Great Britain were at war. It was not the Revolutionary War. That had been fought out more than thirty years before, and America had conquered and the United States had become a nation. But after that there were many little troubles between the two countries, and at last, in 1812, the second war began. It was called the War of 1812 and lasted two and a half years. In the summer of 1814 the British entered Washington and burned the Capitol, the President's house, and several other public buildings. Then they sailed down the Potomac River, out into Chesapeake Bay, and started for Baltimore, intending to treat it as they had treated Washington. On the way down the Potomac an American doctor, who had made himself troublesome to some of the officers, was taken on board a British ship and carried away as a prisoner.

Now it happened that at this time there was living in

Washington a lawyer named Francis Scott Key, who was then holding the office of district attorney. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1780 and was therefore about thirty-four years old. The doctor whom the British had carried away was Mr. Key's friend and neighbor, and Mr. Key determined to have him set free. So, together with an American officer, he went across by land from Washington to Baltimore, and from there, on board a small American boat carrying a flag of truce, sailed down Chesapeake Bay to meet the British fleet.

The British admiral received him on board the flagship and heard his story. Mr. Key proved that the doctor was not a soldier and had done no harm. The admiral was at last convinced and agreed to release the doctor, but as the fleet was about to attack Baltimore he told Mr. Key and his companion to return to their own boat and remain there, under guard, until the next day. This was the night of September 14, 1814.

Baltimore did not yield to the British. On a height of land overlooking the bay stood Fort McHenry, bristling with American guns and well-manned with American soldiers. The British opened fire upon the fort, and the fort replied by firing back upon the British. All night long they kept up the fight. Mr. Key stood on the deck of the little vessel which had brought him down from the city and watched the British firing. The last thing that he

could see of the fort, as darkness came on, was the American flag with its stars and stripes floating over the ramparts. But whenever a shell would burst or whenever a rocket would be fired as a signal, the sky would light up for a moment, and he could then catch a glimpse of the flag still waving there. Toward morning the firing suddenly stopped. He did not know whether the fort had surrendered or whether the British had given up the attack.

He afterward told how he walked back and forth on the deck and kept looking at his watch every few minutes to see how long it would be before daylight. At last it began to grow gray in the east. Then he took out his field glass and looked through it at the fort. A mist was hanging over the bay and he could see very little, but surely there was a flag! Was it the Stars and Stripes, or was it the flag of Great Britain? He could not tell. The air was very still and the flag hung straight down against the staff, but now and then a little breeze would spring up and would make it flutter for a moment through the mist; then it would hang down again and seem to disappear.

At last the sun rose and the first beam fell upon the flag. Hurrah! It was the star-spangled banner — the red, white, and blue! The British ships could not take the fort or pass it to enter Baltimore, and the city was safe! You may believe that Mr. Key was almost wild with joy. He felt that he must put this into a song, so, taking an old envelope

out of his pocket he wrote on the back of it the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." These were printed and scattered all over the city. Then a public singer found a tune that would fit them, and sang them to a great crowd of people. The crowd shouted wildly, clapped their hands, and were crazy with excitement, and in a few days the song was being sung all over the country. It gave every American new courage. The British sailed away, and a little more than three months later the war was at an end. Mr. Key wrote other poems after this, but none like "The Star-Spangled Banner." He lived to be sixty-three years of age, and died in Washington in 1843.

A few years ago it was decided by the government that "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be our national song, and that whenever it is played by a band at any military post or wherever United States soldiers are present the soldiers should stand and, if they are not in ranks, should make the military salute.]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'T is the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. During what war was "The Star-Spangled Banner" written, and between what nations was the war fought? 2. Tell what city had been captured and partly burned in the summer of 1814

and where the enemy's fleet was then going. 3. Tell the story of Francis Scott Key and how he came to write "The Star-Spangled Banner." 4. Show on a map where the British fleet must have sailed from Washington, and the route that Mr. Key must have taken to meet them.

5. What was it that Mr. Key and his companion had hailed so proudly at the twilight's last gleaming, and where did they see it? 6. What was the "perilous fight"? 7. How did the rocket's glare and the bursting bombs give proof that the flag was still there? 8. Put into simpler words the line, "Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes." Why was the enemy silent, and why is the silence called "dread" silence? 9. Why could Mr. Key not see the flag more plainly in the early morning? What showed it to him at last?

10. What is meant by standing "between their loved homes and the war's desolation"? What are some of the desolations of war? 11. What is "heaven-rescued," and what is the "Power that hath made and preserved us"? 12. Tell when we are strong to conquer, and what is meant by line 17. 13. What motto is spoken of in the last stanza? Look at a quarter or a half dollar and see what you can read over the head of the Goddess of Liberty. 14. What country is "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and why is it called so? 15. What parts of this song do you like best? 16. *Memorize the poem.*

Other good flag songs are Riley's "The Name of Old Glory," H. H. Bennett's "The Flag Goes By," Lydia A. Coonley Ward's "Flag Song," Marie Zeeterberg's "Our Banner," Margaret E. Sangster's "A Song for Our Flag," and W. D. Nesbit's "A Song for Flag Day." (The last two will be found in Book Three of the Literary Readers.) Read also the story of how our flag was made, in Blaisdell and Ball's "Short Stories from American History" or in some primary United States history.

mf
O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
stars, through the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we
watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs
burst - ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
mf
there: O say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

attorney (ăt tûr′neў) : a lawyer (a district attorney is a public officer who brings to trial those who have broken the laws).

admiral (ăd′mĭ ral) : the commander in chief of a navy.

flagship (flăg′shĭp) : the ship which carries the commander of a fleet.

bristling (brĭs′lĭng) : having bristles; here, having guns sticking out like bristles.

ramparts (răm′pärtȿ) : a broad bank of earth around a fort, to protect it.
shell : here means a bomb.
field glass : a small double telescope.
salute (sȧ lūt′) : a position taken by a soldier in honor of some person or thing — usually standing with the right hand raised to the cap.
perilous (pĕr′ĭl o͝us) : dangerous.
gallantly (găl′lănt lў) : bravely.
host (hōst) : an army or a crowd.
towering (tow′ẽr ĭng) : reaching up like a tower.
steep : here means a steep place.
discloses (dĭs clōȿ′ẽȿ) : shows.
desolation (dĕs o lā′shon) : ruin or waste.
rescued (rĕs′cū̆ed) : saved.

SONS OF THE SELF-SAME RACE

Alfred Austin

What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the western sea?
Sentinel! Listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"'T is a proud free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as Love doth last, and be stronger than Death is strong.'"

THE CAMP AT VALLEY FORGE

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

PLACE: The Potts farmhouse at Valley Forge.
TIME: January, 1778.

CHARACTERS

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON
GENERAL LAFAYETTE, aid to General Washington
COLONEL ALEXANDER HAMILTON, aid to General Washington
MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON
MRS. KNOX, wife of General Knox
TOM MILLER, a soldier
JOHN RAYMOND, a soldier
JOE CROCKER, a soldier
BILLY, colored servant to General Washington

(A boy or girl steps in front of the curtain and recites.)

The American Revolution had been going on for more than two and a half years. Washington and his army had been driven out of New York City by a much larger British force and had retreated across New Jersey. As they went they burned the bridges behind them and hindered the British all that they could. Twice, at Trenton and at Princeton, they turned back and defeated parts of the British army, but as a whole it was too strong for them.

In the autumn of 1777 another British army under Howe drove the Americans out of Philadelphia and made themselves comfortable there for the winter. Washington could not keep them out, and so fell back about twenty-five

miles, to Valley Forge. There he waited until spring for the British to come out and fight. It was the darkest time in the whole war, but it proved how great Washington was, both as a general and as a man. This little play shows how he treated the soldiers and what they thought of him.

(Curtain rises, showing a small, meanly furnished room; a table in the center, covered with letters and papers; a cot in the corner. Enter GENERAL WASHINGTON, clothed in an old and soiled uniform. He stamps his feet and shakes off the snow.)

WASHINGTON. This is bitter weather! It makes me sad to see the poor soldiers suffer as they do. No bread in the camp for two days, and no meat for more than a week! To-day we are giving them a half ration of dried beans. We must make the beans last until we can get more meat. I have just been through the camp to cheer up the poor fellows. There are hundreds without shoes, and their feet are frostbitten and bleeding. I must write again to Congress and urge that money and supplies be sent us. (Sits down at table and begins to write. After a few moments, calls) Billy!

(Enter BILLY, dressed in a patched suit very much too large.)

BILLY. Yes, sir.

WASHINGTON (rising and taking a coat from a nail on the wall). Billy, take this coat to Tom Miller, the New Hampshire soldier in Captain Fuller's company, to whom I sent you yesterday.

BILLY. Yes, sir.

WASHINGTON. Do you know whom I mean?

BILLY. Yes, sir. The gentleman with the coffee-sack shirt.

WASHINGTON. Yes.

BILLY. And the trousers made out of old tent cloth.

WASHINGTON. Yes. Go quickly. (Billy goes out.) Tom Miller is one of the bravest soldiers in the army and one of the most useful men about the camp. I can't keep two coats myself while he has n't one. There are others who need clothes quite as badly. I wish I had a thousand coats that I might give them all away.

(Enter COLONEL HAMILTON.)

HAMILTON. Your Excellency, I have visited all the farm-houses within three miles of our camp, and have succeeded in getting a few potatoes for the army and some corn for our horses. Most of the horses, as you know, have died for want of food, but we have a few left.

WASHINGTON. Yes, and we must keep them alive. How many potatoes did you get?

HAMILTON. Not enough for more than two days' rations.

WASHINGTON. What have the farmers done with their winter's supplies?

HAMILTON. Some are sharing them with us, as I have said; others are sending them to Philadelphia and selling them to the British at high prices.

WASHINGTON. That must be stopped. Send out orders at once that all provisions be held for our own army. We will take nothing from the farmers that we cannot pay for, but we must have food until our supplies arrive. The officers who should do this work seem to have failed us utterly.

HAMILTON. I will follow your orders. (Goes out)

WASHINGTON (speaking to himself). We shall hope for the best and trust in God. It is impossible that we should fail.

(Enter GENERAL LAFAYETTE.)

Welcome, my dear Lafayette. I am always cheered by your presence. But you look sad this morning.

LAFAYETTE. Your Excellency, I would that the British were your only enemies. But there are those here in our midst who would do you ill.

WASHINGTON. Did you talk with that general of ours who thinks I am not fit to lead the army?

LAFAYETTE. I have talked with him. There is a deep-laid plot against you — deeper than you know.

WASHINGTON. I know enough. Is the general frightened because I have found him out?

LAFAYETTE. He is frightened because he does not know how much of the plot you yet know.

WASHINGTON. Let him alone. He will expose himself if we give him time.

(Enter BILLY.)

BILLY. Massa Washington, Tom Miller just cried when I gave him that coat. He said he could n't bear to wear it, but he would give it to his children, because it belonged to General Washington, and they would keep it forever, after he was dead and gone. I told him I did n't believe it would fit his children. He said he did n't mean that. Then he laughed and put it on, and said General Washington was the best and greatest man that ever lived.

WASHINGTON. Hush, Billy. I hope it fitted him.

BILLY. Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! You should see him! The tails hung down around his shoes — that is, around what shoes he had. He had n't much shoes. They were mainly holes, and his toes were all sticking out.

WASHINGTON. It is not a thing to laugh at, Billy, but rather to weep over. (To Lafayette) General, can you understand how men like that can march and fight and starve and freeze, and yet do it willingly and without complaining?

LAFAYETTE. Never was anything like it seen before! It is because they adore their country and worship their general.

WASHINGTON. I hope their worship is directed to a higher source. (Looking out of window) But what do I see? A carriage in camp!

LAFAYETTE (looking out). Two ladies are alighting from it.

WASHINGTON. It is Mrs. Washington! I thought I could not keep her long away, though I would spare her the hardships of such a life as this. (Hastens out to meet her)

LAFAYETTE. He is the greatest of all Americans — the greatest of all patriots.

BILLY (going out). And the best master that ever was.

(Enter WASHINGTON, MRS. WASHINGTON, MRS. KNOX. BILLY follows with Mrs. Washington's bag. He puts it down and goes out again.)

WASHINGTON (to the ladies). Allow me to present my honored friend the Marquis de Lafayette. Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Knox, general.

LAFAYETTE. It is a high pleasure which I have in meeting you.

MRS. WASHINGTON. We all know and honor the noble patriot who has come to us from France to help us win our freedom.

MRS. KNOX. And who has sacrificed so much for us.

LAFAYETTE. It is for liberty! I would give all, everything, for liberty!

WASHINGTON. We believe you, general. You have already proved it.

MRS. WASHINGTON (looking about the room). But you

do not seem to have very comfortable quarters. Is this your reception room?

WASHINGTON. It is.

MRS. WASHINGTON. And where is your dining room?

WASHINGTON. Here. (Pointing to the table)

MRS. WASHINGTON. And where is your bedroom?

WASHINGTON. Here. (Pointing to the cot)

MRS. WASHINGTON. And what will you do with me?

WASHINGTON (after a moment's thought). We will build you a house. It does not take long to build a house here. We have quick workmen.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE. And simple plans.

MRS. WASHINGTON. But this room would answer very well if we only had a dining room.

WASHINGTON. Then we will build a dining room. We have little enough to dine upon, at present, but provisions I trust are on the way. (To General Lafayette) Mrs. Knox, I presume, is impatient to see her husband. Will you show her to General Knox's quarters, and ask Tom Miller and his messmates, Raymond and Crocker, to report to me.

LAFAYETTE. I will, your Excellency, with Madame Knox's permission.

MRS. KNOX. I am greatly honored.

(General Lafayette and Mrs. Knox go out.)

WASHINGTON. Now, my dear Patsy, we shall have a dining room for you. Tom Miller and his party earned

the prize which I offered for building the best hut in the shortest time. They shall build the dining room.

MRS. WASHINGTON. Did all the soldiers build their own huts?

WASHINGTON. Yes. The army was divided into parties of twelve. Each party cut down trees and built a hut with the logs. You should have seen them when all were at work. They looked like a colony of beavers, some carrying logs, some digging and carrying clay, some plastering the clay over the outside of the houses and between the logs.

MRS. WASHINGTON. But how are the huts kept warm?

WASHINGTON. They are never too warm. But each has a fireplace of clay, and there is plenty of firewood in the forest.

MRS. WASHINGTON. How do the soldiers sleep?

WASHINGTON. That is the sad part of it. We have no floors and but few blankets. The men sleep on the frozen ground. Often they sit up all night by the fire that they may keep warm. Since only the hardiest of them can endure this kind of life, you will not be surprised to know that many are ill.

MRS. WASHINGTON. It is fortunate that I have come, for I have some skill in nursing and may do them good. But is there nothing that you need yourself?

WASHINGTON. Nothing.

MRS. WASHINGTON (opening her bag). Here are six pairs of warm woolen stockings that I knit for you with my own hands. (Gives them to Washington)

WASHINGTON. That is excellent, but I have no right to wear them when many of my men have not even shoes. Let us bestow them where they are more needed. (Puts them on the table. A knock is heard.) Enter!

(Enter TOM MILLER, JOHN RAYMOND, JOE CROCKER. Miller is a short man. He wears Washington's long coat, which almost touches the ground. Otherwise he is very ragged. Raymond and Crocker are in rags, with their shoes full of holes, and no stockings.)

MILLER. Your Excellency! You are too kind! The coat was too much!

WASHINGTON (smiling). Yes, it seems to be. But I have called for you to build another log house, next to this. We shall call it a dining room. It will be for Mrs. Washington. This, men, is Mrs. Washington. (Soldiers bow awkwardly.)

MRS. WASHINGTON (going to them and taking each by the hand). I am proud to shake hands with men who have done so much for their country. (Goes to the table; counts out three pairs of the stockings which Washington has placed there; hands one pair to Raymond) Wear this warm pair of stockings which I have knit. And you also (handing a pair to Miller), and you (handing the third pair to Crocker). This is General Washington's gift to you, not mine.

CROCKER. May heaven bless such a lady! There was surely never another like her, or (to Washington) never another such a general as your Excellency!

WASHINGTON. Now to work, my boys. The house is to be precisely like yours. Have it done as promptly as may be.

ALL. We will, sir. (They go out. A knock is heard.)

WASHINGTON. Enter.

(Enter COLONEL HAMILTON, who turns to Mrs. Washington and bows low.)

MRS. WASHINGTON (advancing and shaking hands). Colonel Hamilton! We have met several times under pleasanter circumstances, but not I think under more interesting or hopeful ones.

HAMILTON. You have the same spirit as your honored husband — the spirit that has cheered and kept us from heart-breaking through this long dreary winter. But (to Washington) I have the honor to make a report to you which proves Mrs. Washington to be a prophet. Six wagon loads of provisions and clothing have arrived and more are only a day's journey behind them.

WASHINGTON (to Mrs. Washington). We shall have use for the dining room, after all.

[CURTAIN]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why were the British fighting against the Americans in the Revolutionary War? 2. Write a story telling what you know about George Washington. 3. Write a story telling what you know of Lafayette. 4. Tell what you know of Colonel Hamilton. 5. What had Washington's army done since the British drove them out of New York City? 6. What other large American city was now occupied by British troops, and how far was it from the American camp?

7. Why was Washington waiting at Valley Forge, and why could he not get what he needed? 8. Describe the condition of the soldiers at Valley Forge. 9. How did Washington treat them and what did they think of him? 10. What can you say of the plot against Washington? 11. What does Mrs. Washington's visit to the camp show us about her? 12. How did the soldiers keep warm at Valley Forge, and how did they sleep? Tell what you can about their huts. 13. What things does Washington do in this play that make you like him? 14. What does Mrs. Washington do? 15. What two reasons can you give for the soldiers' cheerfulness during the winter at Valley Forge?

supplies (sŭp plīe̱s′): food, clothing, and other necessary things.

ration (rā′shŏn): a fixed amount of provisions given to a soldier each day.

Excellency (Ĕx′çĕl lĕn çy̆): a title.

plot (plŏt): a secret plan against some one.

expose (ĕx pōze̱′): to lay open or make known.

adore (ȧ dōre̱′): to worship or love very earnestly.

marquis (mär′quĭs): a nobleman a little higher in rank than a count.

patriot (pā′trĭ ŏt): one who loves his country.

Patsy (Păt′sy̆): a nickname given by Washington to his wife.

bestow (be stō*w*′): to give.

circumstances (çĭr′cŭm stănçe̱s): surroundings or happenings.

Lafayette (Lă fa yĕt*te*′).

Knox (Nŏx).

PART VII. SONGS OF THE SEASONS

SEPTEMBER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

[Some years ago in the old college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, lived a little girl named Helen Fiske. She was born in 1831. Her father was a professor in Amherst College and she was a bright, active little person who was very fond of the flowers and the birds. She liked nothing so well as to roam about the fields and woods and gather wild flowers and queer, interesting plants. When she was twelve years old her parents died and she went to live with her grandfather, who was very kind and good to her. She grew up, happy and well, and when she was twenty-one married a young army officer, Major Hunt. She traveled with him and lived in many different cities and at many army posts until his death in 1863. At about this time she began to write poems for the newspapers and magazines, and afterwards published them in a book which she called "Verses by H. H." She never signed her writings with her full name. After a number of years she married a Mr. Jackson and lived in Colorado Springs. She wrote two interesting books for children, "Cat Stories" and

"Nelly's Silver Mine," and several stories for grown-ups, the most famous of which is an Indian story called "Ramona." One of her favorite spots was at the foot of a mountain not far from her home in Colorado Springs. Here she used to go and gather wild flowers and berries and autumn leaves. She called it her garden. Just before she died, in 1884, she asked that she might be buried there, and her wish was carried out. Her grave is shaded by trees, covered with wild vines, and bright with wild flowers.

The poem "September" tells what you may see on a walk in the country in the early fall.]

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write a story about the author of this poem, telling (*a*) where she was born; (*b*) something about her childhood; (*c*) what name she used in signing her poems, and what it stood for; (*d*) the names of some of her books; (*e*) any other facts about her that you remember.

2. Name all the things described in this poem. 3. What are the gentian's "fringes"? 4. Why are the pods of the milkweed said to be dusty? 5. What is the milkweed's "hidden silk," and what was the poet thinking of when she said the milkweed has "spun" its silk?

6. What "harvest" do the sedges yield? 7. "Flaunt" is used generally in speaking of some bright or showy thing. What does this tell you about the sedges' harvest? 8. How do "asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"? 9. Do you remember a fable of some animal who thought he saw another animal just like himself in the brook? Repeat it.

10. What is meant by "dewy lanes"? 11. What picture can you see in the last two lines of the fourth stanza? If you ever

saw such a picture in the country, write a little description of it. 12. Name any other "tokens" you can think of that September is here. 13. Write the lines "With summer's best of weather And autumn's best of cheer" in simpler words.

14. If you were going to write a poem on any month, which would it be, and why? 15. Name the flowers mentioned in this poem. If you live where these flowers grow, bring some of them to school. 16. What colors are spoken of in the poem?

Other poems by Mrs. Jackson that you can read are "October," "The Legend of St. Christopher," "Down to Sleep," and "April." If you like cats you will also enjoy her book, "Cat Stories."

Other good autumn poems are Susan Coolidge's "How the Leaves Came Down" (Literary Readers, Book Three), Frank Dempster Sherman's "Goldenrod," George Arnold's "September" and "September Days," Dinah Mulock Craik's "October," Allingham's "Robin Redbreast" (Literary Readers, Book Three), Jones Very's "October," Cooper's "Bob White," Thomas Moore's "The Last Rose of Summer," Tabb's "Indian Summer," John H. Bryant's "Indian Summer," Eudora Bumstead's "Indian Summer," Whittier's "Indian Summer," "The Huskers," and the "Corn Song," Riley's "When the Frost is on the Punkin," Alice Cary's "November," and R. H. Stoddard's "November."

professor (pro fĕs′sor): a teacher in a college.

army posts: places where the army is stationed.

gentian (ĝĕn′shan): a blue flower that blossoms in the fall.

sedges (sĕd′ĝĕs): coarse grasses growing in wet, marshy places.

flaunt (flaunt): to wave with a great show.

tokens (tō′kens): signs.

TWO THANKSGIVING SONGS

The Bible

[What a jolly day Thanksgiving is! All the family meet together, and there is playing and romping and telling stories and, best of all, the Thanksgiving dinner. Roast turkey with plenty of stuffing, and cranberry sauce, and all sorts of pleasant tasting vegetables, and pumpkin pie that melts in your mouth, and pudding, and raisins, and nuts! Doesn't it make you hungry just to think of it? And if you are lucky enough to have a grandfather and a grandmother who get up the Thanksgiving dinner for you, and a big family of uncles and aunts and cousins to meet around the table, you are as lucky as any child ought to be.

Thanksgiving has been kept by a great many people for a great many years. In the olden times there was always a feast just after the harvest had been gathered, but in New England it was first called Thanksgiving — which is just another way of saying "giving thanks," and it then came to have a new meaning. The first autumn that the Pilgrims lived at Plymouth there was a fine crop. They were so glad, and so thankful to God for taking care of them and for giving them the sunshine and the rain to make their corn grow, that they wanted

to set apart a special time and thank him in a special way for all his blessings. So Governor Bradford named the day (it lasted three days that year), and the Pilgrim fathers went out and killed wild turkeys and got nuts from the woods and cranberries from the marsh, and the Pilgrim mothers made pies, and the Indians joined them and shot some deer, and they had a great feast together. That was the first American Thanksgiving. And now every year the President and the governors of the different states set apart this day, just as Governor Bradford did, that we may thank God for his blessings to us, and show our gladness by having just the jolliest sort of a holiday that we can make. Thanksgiving comes on the last Thursday in November.

You will find here a Thanksgiving song from the Bible — the One Hundredth Psalm — which has been used for many hundreds of years, when people want to show their thankfulness to God.

Following the One Hundredth Psalm you will find some lines from the One Hundred Forty-seventh Psalm, which is also a song of thanksgiving.]

PSALM ONE HUNDRED

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence
with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

LINES FROM PSALM ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the first Thanksgiving held in America. When was it held, and what was it for? 2. Who tells us now each year what day we are to keep for Thanksgiving? On what day does it come? 3. What should we do on Thanksgiving?

4. Tell in your own words what is meant by serving the Lord with gladness. 5. Write down some of the things for which you

are thankful. 6. Does "We are the sheep of his pasture" make you think of any other psalm? If so, which one? 7. What are the "gates" and the "courts" of the Lord? 8. What is meant by "endureth to all generations"?

9. Why are we asked in both these psalms to "sing"? How are you supposed to feel when you sing? 10. Name five things spoken of in the selection from the One Hundred Forty-seventh Psalm which God does, and tell what good comes from each. 11. *Memorize both selections.*

Good Thanksgiving poems are "Father in Heaven we Thank Thee"; "Praise God for Wheat"; Margaret E. Sangster's "Common Mercies" and "Elsie's Thanksgiving"; Lydia M. Child's "Thanksgiving Day" (Literary Readers, Book Three); and Herrick's "Here a Little Child I Stand."

The story of the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving will be found in Blaisdell and Ball's "Short Stories from American History" and in Wiggin and Smith's "The Story Hour." Good Thanksgiving stories are Miss Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's "Ann Mary, her Two Thanksgivings" (in "Young Lucretia"), Miller's "Kristy's Surprise Party," A. C. Stoddard's "Polly's Thanksgiving," Anna Eichberg King's "Jericho Bob," and Howells's "Turkeys Turning the Tables" (in "Christmas Every Day"). R. H. Schauffler's "Thanksgiving" has in it many good poems, stories, and plays.

come before his presence (prĕs′ĕnçe): come where the Lord is.
his gates: the gates or doors that lead to the house of the Lord; that is, to a church.
his courts (cōurts): his house.
bless: here means to praise.
endureth (ĕn dūr′ĕth): endures or lasts.
generations (ĝĕn ĕr ā′shŏns): ages.
ravens (rā′vens): birds somewhat like crows.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

Clement Clarke Moore

[I wonder if you have ever heard any of the old stories of St. Nicholas or Santa Claus? I don't mean the story about his living at the north pole and coming in his sleigh to fill our stockings on Christmas Eve. Of course you know all about that. But I mean the first stories about St. Nicholas, before he began to get mixed up with other people. St. Nicholas and Santa Claus are only different names for the same jolly old person. The people from Holland who came over the sea and settled New York called him Sant Niklaas; and our grandfathers, who did n't understand Dutch, got into the way of calling him Santa Claus, which was about as near as they could pronounce it, and Santa Claus he still is.

St. Nicholas was a good bishop who lived in an ancient city in Asia Minor about three hundred years after Christ. In the same country was a nobleman who had lost all his wealth and had become so poor that he could not take care properly of his three daughters. This nobleman was proud as well as poor and would take no money from any one. So St. Nicholas went very quietly to his house in the middle of the night and threw a purse full of gold into the window. The nobleman found it the next morning

and gave it to his oldest daughter. Then St. Nicholas went another night and threw another purse of gold into the window. The nobleman found that also and gave it to his second daughter. Again St. Nicholas went by night to the nobleman's house and threw a third purse of gold into the window. But the nobleman was watching for him that time and caught him by the hem of his robe, saying, "Good St. Nicholas, why are you doing this?" "Hush!" said St. Nicholas; "don't you see that you are likely to wake up the house? Say nothing, but give the purse to your third daughter and all will be well." And before the astonished nobleman could say another word the saint was gone. Perhaps it is from this story that we get the idea of St. Nicholas bringing gifts in the night.

At another time three boys who were going to Athens to school stopped one night at an inn near where St. Nicholas lived. The innkeeper, who was a wicked and heartless sort of person, killed the three boys and put them into a tub. St. Nicholas saw the whole scene in a dream. He went to the innkeeper the next morning, told him all about it, and made him confess. Then the good saint prayed very earnestly that the boys might come to life; and the story says they came to life and went happily on their way. I don't know what was done to the innkeeper.

Ever after that St. Nicholas was the special saint of all children and was very good to them. St. Nicholas's Day

was kept on December sixth. On St. Nicholas's Eve the boys and girls of Holland used to put their little wooden shoes by the fireside, feeling sure that St. Nicholas would come and leave presents in them. For a long time St. Nicholas's Day was kept in this way by the Dutch children in old New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called; but after a while the fathers and mothers began to think that with St. Nicholas's Day and Christmas so close together, the children were expecting rather too many presents. So they just mixed up those two holidays, and the Dutch children put their wooden shoes by the fireplace for St. Nicholas on Christmas Eve, at the same time that the German children in America were having their Christmas tree and their presents in memory of the gifts which the Wise Men gave to the Christ-child. The idea of having Christmas trees came to us from the Germans, and hanging up the stockings came from the Dutch children's way of setting their shoes by the fireplace. When wooden shoes were no longer worn in New York, the children had to hang their stockings instead.

I suppose nearly every boy and girl knows Mr. Moore's verses, "'T was the night before Christmas," but for fear that some children may not know them very well, I'm going to put them down here. Mr. Moore was a very wise man, a professor in a college for ministers in New York City. He was born during the Revolutionary War,

graduated from Columbia College, and wrote a Hebrew dictionary which probably neither you nor I should care to read. But he also wrote this little poem for his children on Christmas in 1822, and some one got a copy of it without his knowledge and had it put into a newspaper at Troy, New York, a few days before Christmas of the next year. Mr. Moore was very much surprised, as he did n't care much for the verses, but you and I and a good many others like them, and many of us can say them by heart. Can you?]

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall —
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

"SO UP TO THE HOUSETOP THE COURSERS THEY FLEW,
WITH THE SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS—AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO"

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang in his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who was St. Nicholas, and where did he live? 2. Tell the story about St. Nicholas and the nobleman's daughters. 3. Tell about St. Nicholas and the boys at the inn. 4. How did we get the name "Santa Claus"? 5. Tell how the Dutch children kept St. Nicholas's Day. 6. How did it happen to get mixed with Christmas? 7. Where do we get the idea of the Christmas tree? 8. Tell what you can about the author of these verses.

9. Describe the picture in the first eight lines of this poem. 10. Describe the picture in lines 13–24. 11. Describe the picture in lines 32–52. 12. Which is the prettiest picture?

13. Who is supposed to be telling this story, and what kind of cap did he wear? 14. What made the "luster of midday," and what do we call that luster? 15. Why are the reindeer compared with eagles, and why, a little later, with dry leaves?

For the Bible story of Christmas see Luke ii, 1–20, and Matthew ii, 1–12.

Other Christmas poems which you can read are Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," Eugene Field's "Christmas Hymn," Margaret Deland's "The First Best Christmas Night," Lydia Avery Coonley Ward's "Why do Bells for Christmas Ring," J. G. Holland's "A Christmas Carol," Longfellow's "The Three Kings," Phillips Brooks's "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Susan Coolidge's "The Baby Christmas Tree"; also "He comes in the Night" (Literary Readers, Book Three).

Good Christmas stories are Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol," Louisa M. Alcott's "Tilly's Christmas" ("Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag"), Washington Gladden's "Santa Claus on a Lark," Selma Lagerlöf's "Christ Legends," Abbie Farwell Brown's "Christmas Angel," Maud Lindsay's "Gretchen" ("Mother Stories"), M. E. Wilkins Freeman's "Where the Christmas Tree Grew" ("Young Lucretia"), Nora A. Smith's "Piccola," and "The Story of Christmas" ("The Story Hour").

H. W. Mabie's "Book of Christmas" and Schauffler's "Christmas" are full of Christmas poems, legends, and stories.

kerchief (kĕr′chĭef): a cloth worn over the head or around the neck.
luster (lŭs′tẽr): a glistening.
miniature (mĭn′ĭ a tūre): small.
coursers (cōurs′ẽrs): swift horses or racers.
obstacle (ŏb′stà cle): something in the way.
tarnished (tär′nĭshed): stained.
droll (drōll): funny.
encircled (ĕn çĭr′cled): surrounded or made a circle around.
right jolly: very jolly.
ere (êre): before.
Sant Niklaas (Sänt Nĭk′läas).
New Amsterdam (Am′stẽr dăm).

THE FROST SPIRIT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[In December of 1807, the same year in which Longfellow was born, another famous American poet also came into the world. He was the poet who wrote of country life, and the farm, and the winter snowstorm, and the cheerful fireside, and the barefoot boy. You don't need to be told, I think, that it was Whittier.

He was a Quaker, one of those quiet but earnest souls who live plainly, serve God, and talk only when they have something to say. You will read in your history how shamefully the Quakers were treated in the old New England days, but at the time that Whittier was born all thoughtful people respected them for their honest lives and their goodness.

Whittier was born on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Whittier family were poor and had to work hard for a living, but they were cheerful and contented, and young Greenleaf, as the boy was called, found time for fun in the midst of his work.

In the poem "Snowbound" he describes the family as they sat about the open fire on a winter's night while the snow was driving hard outside. There were his father and mother, an uncle, an unmarried aunt, a brother and

two sisters, the youngest of whom, Elizabeth, was always his favorite. He also tells us of the schoolmaster, who often spent an evening with them.

When young Whittier was about fourteen the schoolmaster one evening brought over a book of poems written by the Scotch poet Burns, who had also been a farmer's boy and who often thought out his poetry while plowing in the field. Those poems of Burns stirred Whittier mightily. He borrowed the book and read them and read them again, until he knew them by heart. It seemed to him that he could be a poet too. So he began to look for beautiful things in the rough life around him and to think beautiful thoughts, and he wrote verses somewhat like those of Burns. Several years later one of his sisters sent a few of these verses to a newspaper without his knowing anything about it, and one morning when he opened the paper and saw them in print he was greatly excited.

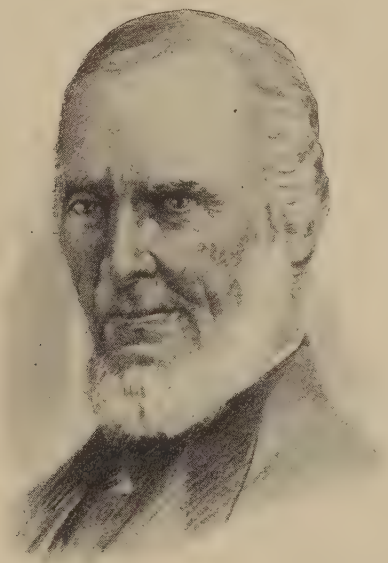
The editor of the paper came out to see him and begged his father to send him to a good school in Haverhill. To pay for his schooling the boy made slippers at eight cents a pair, but it took too long to earn a little money that way, and after only two terms he left school and went to work for a living. For many years he was a newspaper editor, and was greatly interested in freeing the slaves, but when the Civil War was over he gave up newspaper work and went to Amesbury, Massachusetts. There he

lived with his sister Elizabeth for more than fifty years in a pleasant old home, and there he wrote most of his poems. Neither he nor Elizabeth ever married. He died in 1892, when he was eighty-five years old.

Whittier loved to write about winter. It seemed to him that winter was like a great Frost Spirit that came down from the north, bringing the winds, and tramping over the woods and the fields, shaking the leaves from the trees, withering the grass, and turning the hillside brown.

He thinks of the far north, where this Frost Spirit is supposed to live. He thinks of Labrador and the Northern seas, where the white bear wanders over the ice and where the sails of the fishermen are frozen stiff. The fishermen too, down in their boats, are sometimes frozen to death in that long arctic night, and their bodies are coated with frozen spray, making them look like statues.

He thinks of this Frost Spirit as riding on the north wind. The Spirit's breath makes the pine trees bend before him as he rushes over Norway. His wings are not even scorched by the fires of the great volcano, Mount Hecla, as he passes by it. He breathes on the lake and it becomes numb and glazed with ice, so that the skater may glide over it and hear his skates ring on its hard surface. The brooks, which have been dancing over the rocks or singing to the grass that leans over them, are bound up in ice as if they were chained. Now they can make no sound.



John Greenleaf Whittier

Then the poet says, "Let us meet this Spirit bravely and build a fire in the big fireplace and gather around it. And as the firelight dances up the chimney we can hear him shriek because he cannot get at us, and we may laugh."

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — from the frozen Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er, —
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write a story, telling all you can about Whittier: (*a*) when and where he was born; (*b*) of his boyhood; (*c*) how he first began to write; (*d*) how he earned money for his schooling; (*e*) what subjects he wrote most about; (*f*) the names of some of his poems.

2. What is the Frost Spirit, and what common name do we give to him? 3. What signs can you see of him in the late autumn? 4. What is meant by the "naked woods"? "the blasted fields"? "the brown hill's withered brow"? 5. Explain "*smitten* the leaves," and tell what happens after the frost touches them.

6. Where is Labrador? 7. What is the "bridge" of the Northern seas? 8. Give another name for the white bear. If you ever saw one tell where and describe it. 9. Tell what you know about the length of the winter night in the arctic regions. 10. What makes the fishermen look like statues? 11. What are "Norwegian" pines? 12. Why is the Frost Spirit's wing unscorched when he flies past Mt. Hecla? 13. Where is Mt. Hecla? 14. Why is the ice in that country "ancient"?

15. What does "torpid" mean? "glazing"? 16. What is meant by "ring to the skater's heel"? by "the winter chain"? 17. How does the poet ask us to meet the Frost Spirit? 18. Why will the fire turn his evil power away? 19. What is meant by a fiend? by the "shriek" of the Frost Spirit?

Other poems of Whittier which you may be able to read are "The Barefoot Boy," "The Drovers," "The Fishermen," "The Pumpkin," "Corn Song," and "The Three Bells."

Other easy winter poems are Lowell's "The First Snowfall," George Cooper's "A Wonderful Weaver," Edith M. Thomas's "Talking in their Sleep," Margaret E. Sangster's "Skating Song," Harriet F. Blodgett's "December," Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "February," Hannah F. Gould's "Jack Frost," Bayard Taylor's "In Winter," Rickman Marks's "Snow in Town."

blasted (blăst′ĕd): blighted or withered.
smitten (smĭt′*ten*): struck.
luckless (lŭck′lĕss): unfortunate.
torpid (tôr′pĭd): numb.
glazing (glāz′ĭng): making like glass.
shriek (shrī̆ēk): a wild cry.
baffled (băf′*fl*ed): defeated.
fiend (fī̆ēnd): an evil spirit.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[One of the greatest of English nature poets was Wordsworth. He lived in the north of England, near the Scottish border. Most of his life was spent out of doors, for he was a famous walker; and many of his poems were composed while he was tramping across the fields or along the English roads. The story of his life will be found in Book Five of the Literary Readers.

One March day Wordsworth had been taking one of his long tramps. As he was returning he stopped on a little bridge to rest, and as he looked out over the fields and meadows in the soft spring air, they seemed so fresh and beautiful that he thought he must write a poem. There had been a shower, but the rain had just stopped; the sky was blue, and little clouds were sailing overhead. The ice had melted in the stream and the water was rushing under the bridge, as it always does in the early spring. He heard the crowing of the cock from a barnyard near by, and the twittering of the birds, and the plowboy shouting again and again as he drove the oxen behind the plow. All the farmer's family seemed to be out in the field at work, the youngest as well as the oldest, and there was the green pasture lying so soft and quiet in the spring sunshine that

it seemed to be asleep. The cattle were grazing with their heads all down — forty of them, so eager to get the fresh spring grass and so nearly alike that they seemed like one. Everywhere was joy and life. Spring had come, winter had gone, and the snow which had been thick upon the ground was now melted and driven back by the warm sunshine, like an army that is defeated by a stronger force, until now only a few patches could be seen up on the hill, and they were melting fast. It was such a picture as we have all seen if we have been in the country in spring, and it makes us so happy that we want to shout, like that plowboy.]

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;

The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon!
There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know about the author of this poem. 2. Tell how and when the poem came to be written.

3. In what ways is March in your country different from the March in this poem? 4. What things in this poem have you noticed near your own home? 5. How many of these things can be seen in a city? 6. Why are the cattle so busy feeding, and what is meant by "forty feeding like one"? 7. Why is everybody at work?

8. To what does the poet compare the melting of the snow; what has "defeated" the snow, and what is meant by its "faring ill"? 9. What makes the plowboy shout? 10. "Fountains" here means "springs." What is meant by there being "life" in the fountains?

Other poems by Wordsworth that you can read are "The Pet Lamb," "To a Butterfly," "We are Seven," "Lucy Gray," and "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves."

Good poems on spring by other poets are Bryant's "March," Helen Hunt Jackson's "March" and "May," Browning's "Pippa's Song," Celia Thaxter's "Spring," "A Song of Easter," and "April," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's "April Song," Mary Howitt's "The Coming of Spring," Emily H. Miller's "The

Bluebird," Christina Rossetti's "A Green Cornfield," E. Nesbit's "Baby Seed Song" (the last three in Literary Readers, Book Three), Riley's "The First Bluebird," Felicia Hemans's "The Voice of Spring," and Mrs. Craik's "Green Things Growing."

Wordsworth (Wûrdz′wûrth).
doth fare ill: does badly.
anon (ȧ nŏn′): here means again.
prevailing (pre vā′il′ĭng): conquering.

(*For memorizing*)

A FAREWELL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

[Mr. Kingsley was an English author who wrote "Water Babies" and "The Heroes." You will read about him in Book Five of the Literary Readers.

A little girl once asked Mr. Kingsley to write in her album. This poem is what he wrote.]

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

1 april

51 more Pages

76 more Pages
10 april
41 more Pages
18 on april
34 more Pages
1 may
19 more Pages

27 more days
and till
school
is
out.

Willis Camp.
Karen Camp.
~~Willis Camp~~
Karen Camp